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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, July 8, 1977

King Kong: killed again



هكذا من الأصل

ALIVIAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN **קליפה**

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

BANKING AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS IN ISRAEL

If balancing your checkbook requires most of your ingenuity, you may have turned out the advertisements for savings programs in Israel. It may be worth your while to familiarize yourself with the programs offered by the local banks. You may decide that it is easier than you had thought to put a little something aside for a rainy day.

The possibilities for the small saver in Israel are good, as he can compensate himself for local inflation by investing in accounts linked to the Cost of Living Index (*Maddet Yoker Hamachal*). This index is a Consumer Price Index (calculated by the Central Bureau of Statistics), which reflects the percentage of change in the cost of a fixed basket of commodities and services.

The government regulates terms for savings programs and mortgages in Israel and through its importance in the economy, influences interest rates. Therefore you will find that the difference between banks lies, not so much in the interest rates or terms, but in the quality of the service. You will often find that the staff at your branch takes a personal interest in your monetary affairs. This may or may not be to your liking. Whether a bank bonuses an overdraft check (*meshlichet yeter*) or not, may depend on how well the bank personnel know you. Find a bank that is convenient for you and in which you feel confidence.

It is advisable to find a banker who speaks your mother tongue as it is very important to ask and be asked the right questions and to understand the answers so that you may receive the best advice and guidance for your particular situation. Many branches have officers who have been trained to explain savings programs and to give

investment advice. Some banks deal with savings schemes and stock exchange transactions in one investment department. Get to know your bank's personnel and take advantage of their services.

Everyday Accounts

Your regular checking and passbook savings accounts (demand accounts *over vashav*) in Israel draw between 1% and 3% interest, depending on your bank. They are convenient for everyday transactions and inappropriate for long-term savings. Many banks may allow you to overdraw these accounts, in effect granting you a small, short-term loan at a penalty interest rate of approximately 27%. This service is not granted to everyone automatically and varies from bank to bank. Few banks return your checks at the end of the month. They do send you a balance sheet periodically in which credits and debits are listed. There is generally a day by day listing of your balance at the bank and the teller can check it for you if you stop in and request it.

There are also short-term closed limit accounts (*pikadon katsovi*) in which your money must remain for a fixed period, the shortest time being three months. The interest rate for a three-month account is 18%, subject to tax, withheld at source (the bank). The longer the fixed time period, the higher the rate of interest that you will receive.

Very popular here is the 18,000 scheme (*tochnit shmona esrei*), a long-term closed limit account in which you can deposit up to IL18,000, benefit from interest, linkage to the index, tax exemption and a 10% bonus (*me'anak*) if you freeze the account for a six year period. This plan is also available as a monthly savings scheme.

Savings Plans

The media are full of advertisements for what may appear to be competing savings programs. Savings programs offered by the banks in Israel are, in fact, almost identical. The actual benefits may vary slightly, but they are very similar. There are two sorts of schemes: (1) general and (2) programs with specific aims such as the financing of an apartment or your children's education. In both types of programs you decide on a fixed sum that you will put aside for savings every month. Because the benefits of these plans depend on your meeting these monthly payments, most plan participants have their monthly sums automatically deducted from their salaries or checking accounts (*hora'at kava*).

It is essential to be aware of the fact that with these types of accounts, if you miss payments, discontinue payments or withdraw your capital before the specified time period, you will be subject to severe penalties calculated on a sliding scale according to the period of deposit. For example, if you discontinue one plan after two years, you will only receive 60% linkage (rather than 100%) and will be liable to taxes (from which you would otherwise be exempt).

Another important point to investigate is your tax liability. Only certain programs are approved as tax-free for the saver. Some plans are tax-free for all participants, some only for new immigrants and others only under certain conditions. In relation to those plans that are not tax-free, the new immigrant may apply to the local tax officer to request exemption from income tax, which would otherwise be deducted at the source by the bank. This exemption is not granted to all new immigrants, but it is worthwhile to check into it.

The following information applies to most savings plans, excluding the apartment savings plan, which will be discussed later. The specific schemes vary a bit from bank to bank, but are basically the same. In most programs, you can put aside as little as IL25-50 a month, depending on the plan you choose. The sum you choose remains fixed and cannot be changed. In accounts of this type, you are limited to a ceiling of between IL25,000 and IL30,000 in any one account. The limits are changed periodically by the Treasury.

The advantages of these types of savings programs are that your money, in addition to the 3% interest, is linked to the Cost of Living Index. The sum that you will receive upon withdrawing your money will be computed according to rise in the Cost of Living Index. Children and students who open monthly savings accounts are entitled to additional small government grants.

Apartment Savings Plans

These plans differ somewhat from general savings plans. The minimum monthly deposit is IL50. According to this program you can alter the fixed sum once a year and also make lump sum deposits of up to IL10,000 during the first year. The ceiling for any one apartment savings account is IL30,000 and the interest rate is 3.5%. In this plan you are entitled to a low interest mortgage loan at 9-12% interest, for a sum up to twice the amount of your savings, under certain conditions; for a period of time twice as long as your money was deposited.

Foreign Currency Accounts

For your first ten years in Israel, you are permitted to maintain a free account (*pamaz hotshi*) in the currency of your choice which earns tax-free interest in that currency for your first seven years in the country. Today, dollars deposited for a year earn between 4 1/2-5 1/2% interest, depending on the size of the deposit. All currency transactions, transfers and investments abroad are unrestricted for the first ten years, except that after the first six months following your first date of entry into Israel, you cannot withdraw cash from your foreign currency accounts. Upon all successive entries into Israel, you must deposit all foreign currency within seven days. However, you are allowed to buy travellers checks or have bank checks issued.

Within the ten year period, you have the right to repurchase at the current rate any amount of foreign currency originally converted into Israeli Lira at the same branch of the bank where the currency was originally converted. You are asked to present the receipt for money converted when repurchasing foreign currency. Always save these receipts for your records.

At the end of the ten year period, the balance in your free foreign currency account will be transferable to an Israeli account (*Pamaz Israeli*) in the same currency. The balance is maintained in the foreign currency and the current interest of 6% per annum paid in the foreign currency, but withdrawals may be made only in Israeli Lira, at the current rate of exchange. There is no time limit on such an account and all earnings are subject to 35% Israeli income tax, deducted at source.

Retirement Accounts

You can set up your own provident fund at banks in Israel and benefit from what have been, in recent years, the highest interest payments on any accounts in the country. These retirement accounts (*kupot gemel*) paid over 200% combined interest and linkage over the period of the last three years. There are plans available for the self-employed, for employers to

arrange for their employees and for salaried workers.

In a retirement plan you can put away up to IL12,000 per year for a minimum of 15 years. After opening the account, this sum can be divided into monthly deposits or can be deposited once a year. If you have turned 60 (55 for a woman) you need only deposit for five years to benefit from the special interest rates. On large deposits (rates vary with each bank) you are allowed to withdraw up to 1% a month of your savings without losing the benefits.

Most retirement funds offer members free life and disability insurance, including war risks. In an amount equal to their total savings up to a fixed limit. Additional insurance is also available for relatively small premiums. With these plans, a tax credit of 25% of the savings is allowed up to a monthly limit, similar to life insurance plans. At the end of the savings program, a member may withdraw all his savings and accumulated profits or receive tax-free monthly income, the amount of which he decides for himself.

Children's Banking

While you are arranging your own retirement account, you can pick up a free children's savings bank to get your sons and daughters used to banking. When they return their bulging coffers of coins the bank will open a special youth account for them. This entitles them to gifts on the holidays and reductions on Hebrew books. Many banks suggest opening linked savings accounts for children to provide for their future.

Whether you are starting a children's account, a monthly program or a retirement plan, your best guide is your bank officer. The large banks have printed information in various languages which they can obtain for you on request from their central offices. If you have a large sum of money to invest and would like to consult an investment expert, your local branch officer will set up an appointment for you with the bank's regional investment expert. In the main cities, several of the banks have departments for tourists and new immigrants which are well-informed about problems particularly relating to the newcomer in Israel, especially investment problems. Consulting them costs nothing and may take a burden off your mind.

(B.S. & L.K.)

CHANGES:

In reference to our column of June 24, "Children's Activities for the Summer Vacation," the correct telephone number of Camp Hacharnel is 04/853801. We have since learned that Camp Aliza caters to Hebrew-speaking children only.



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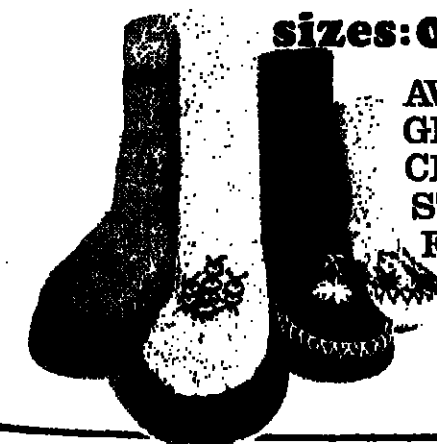
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A miraculous Dry Bones. 19

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1977

מקדנא מן האל

THOSE WERE THE DAYS



Basketball star Mikhi Beronitz, chosen to light the torch at the opening ceremony. (Centre) Sprinter, Debra Markus; (right) Barbara Saponitz.

The 10th Maccabiah Games open next Tuesday. PAUL KOHN reminisces about some of the champions of other Maccabiah Games in the post-World War II era — men and women who made their mark in international sports, and whose fame went far beyond the "Jewish Olympics".

AS THE HOURS tick away towards the opening of the 10th Maccabiah Games on July 12, some 2,800 hefty, fit, fast and brainy sportsmen are arriving by the plane-load to provide Israel once again with a two-week splash of colour and spectacle. This year's "Jewish Olympics" are being proclaimed as the biggest yet, with athletes, officials, referees, observers and supporters coming from Australia and the Argentine, from Ireland and India, from Norway and New Zealand, from Venezuela and the Virgin Islands — from 33 countries in all. They will compete in 28 sports, and for the first time in this Maccabiah, in chess and bridge as well.

By scanning the names of entrants, the sports pundits may venture to predict who will win medals. But if past Maccabiah are any indication, the outstanding athletes and stars of the games emerge only after the starting shots have been fired. Among the thousands of competitors there may be many an unknown youngster who is heading for Olympic glory and world records. Since World War II, Maccabiah Games participants have included sportsmen of the highest calibre — Olympic gold medalists, world champions and record holders. Some have come here already famous; others started international careers on Israel's poor quality running tracks, in inade-

quate pools and much-maligned facilities. Many of the names have been forgotten, but some of their records still stand.

I REMEMBER the first day of the swimming competition in the 7th Maccabiah (in 1965). A gawky 15-year-old boy climbed onto the diving pad, and Heskel Cohen, the veteran leader of U.S. Maccabiah teams, turned to me and said: "Watch that kid. He is gonna make it — all the way to the top."

It was Mark Spitz. Today he could be rated as the greatest Jewish athlete of all time. Back in 1965, he won three Maccabiah gold medals in individual events — the 400 and 1,500 metres freestyle and 400m. medley — and he returned four years later to win three more individual Maccabiah events in the 100 and 200 metres freestyle and 100m. butterfly, plus several team (relay) gold medals.

Spitz went on to become the greatest swimmer of his era, winning four individual gold medals, besides team gold medals, at the 1972 Olympics, while setting a new world record in each event.

But the standard of swimming has risen so spectacularly in recent years that only two of Spitz's Maccabiah records still stand — 52.8 seconds for 100m. freestyle, and 58.1 seconds for the 100m. butterfly.

What should not be forgotten is that Mark's kid sister, Nancy, was

also a Maccabiah champion, and two of her records, set in the 8th Maccabiah in 1969, still stand.

A totally unknown girl swimmer who caused the biggest splash in the women's events was a shy Swedish girl of 19, Anita Zarnowleki. She won six gold medals, five of them in record times, and for good measure her twin brother Bert also won two gold medals. Anita and Bert will be back next week to defend their titles.

Anita, who went on to become Swedish champion, will meet an "old" rival of four years ago in Wendy Weinberg of the U.S. Only 15 at the time, managed to defeat Anita, winning the 800m. freestyle. Weinberg will be tough in the other swims this time.

1961, he won the men's singles at Wimbledon. Considered one of the great players of his time, Savitt shocked the world of tennis when he withdrew from the game at his prime to become an oil executive. He made a comeback some years later, and during this period won the Maccabiah title, in 1961.

The vivacious Angela Buxton of England won the Maccabiah title in 1961. She attained her peak in 1966 when she reached the Wimbledon singles final, to lose to Shirley Fry, but received ample compensation when she won the women's double with Althea Gibson.

Another fine Maccabiah tennis champion was Julie Heldman of the U.S., who won the singles and doubles title in the 8th Maccabiah in 1969.

TOM OKKER won his first international tennis championship at the 7th Maccabiah, when he was 21. A year later, the Dutchman went on to win the Italian Open, and two years later reached the final of the U.S. Open. He won the South African and German Opens and in 1969 reached the Wimbledon final in men's doubles, with Marty Riessen. The nimble Okker remains one of the world's top tennis pros, and at Wimbledon two weeks ago gave the great Ilie Nastase a fright.

A Wimbledon champion who later became a Maccabiah champion was Dick Savitt of the U.S. In

A MACCABIAH WINNER who was already a legend in her sport was Angelica Roseaneu, six times world table-tennis champion. Playing for Rumania after World War II she won 17 world championships, including the women's singles six years in succession in the 1950s. In 1960, Angelica also won titles in the Soviet Union. When she found herself in Vienna during one of her trips, she boarded a plane to Israel to settle here. In 1961, she won her Maccabiah medal.

Another champion, in gymnastics, who left everything to come to

Israel was Agnes Keleti, winner of 11 Olympic medals for Hungary. She won Olympic gold medals in the beam, parallel bars and freestanding exercises, and instead of returning to her native country from the Melbourne Olympiad, landed in Israel. Finding no one to match her class in competition, Keleti gave exhibitions at the 8th Maccabiah in 1967. She now lives in Herzliya, and is a gymnastics coach at the Wingate Institute of Physical Education in Netanya.

Veteran table-tennis fans will give a warm welcome to a player who has appeared in the last six Maccabiah Games. He is Jeff Ingber of Manchester, an international and county player who won the men's singles and doubles in the 6th, 8th, and 7th Maccabiah. Ingber is still a fine player, but will probably find the younger sluggers of today hitting the ball too hard for him.

Henry Wittenberg was at the 1963 Maccabiah. A New York policeman and winner of the Olympic gold medals in 1948 and 1952, Wittenberg is thought by many to be the greatest wrestler of all time. He was also a noted chess player. His son, Mike, won a Maccabiah gold medal in wrestling in 1961.

Another great wrestler is Fred Oberlander, this year a leader of the Canadian contingent. The round, jolly heavyweight was a member of Vienna Hakoah and won the Austrian championships in 1930. He was European champion in 1935. Oberlander spent the war years in England, where he became British heavyweight champion eight times. He wrestled in the 1948 Olympiad in London. His son Phil was also a Maccabiah champion.

A weightlifter described in his time as "the world's greatest lifter pound for pound" was Isaac Berger. He was a featherweight, and the first man in this class to lift more than 800 pounds.

In 1937, Berger won the Maccabiah gold medal, winning the press, snatch and jerk. He represented the U.S. in three Olympic Games; he won a gold and two silver medals, and in 1964 set a world record in the jerk.

Henry Laskau held the world indoor mile walk record, timing 6:19.2 minutes in 1950. In 1957 he won the 3,000m. Maccabiah walk. His place was later taken by Israel's Dr. Shaul Ladani, now in his 40s, but still holder of the walk records over 3,000m., 20 and 30kms.

Gery Ashworth was in the American Olympic sprint team which won the 4 x 100m. relay gold medal in 1964. He was ranked fourth in the U.S. that year, and a year later won the event at the 7th Maccabiah. His time of 10.6 seconds was disappointing and failed to beat the South African Harry Bromberg's record of 10.4, set up in the 6th Maccabiah. Bromberg timed 21.5 seconds over 200m., and these 1962 times have not yet been bettered. They are the oldest-standing Maccabiah athletic records.

A FEW ATHLETES from the West have made their home in Israel after participating in the games. They include Tai Brody, who later became basketball captain of Israel and Tel Aviv Maccabi; Aubrey Kaplan, a fine water polo player from South Africa, who nowadays graces the Caesarea golf fairways; and sprinter Debra Turner-Markus of England; a track and field coach in Jerusalem. □

ENERGETIC MINISTER

YITZHAK MODA'I, the minister of energy and infrastructure, has university degrees in chemical engineering, economics and law. He tells PHILIP GILLON of some of his plans for his brand-new ministry — and for the country.



obtaining licences and permits, getting finance, seeing bureaucrats. He found that he was spending so much time with legal advisers that he decided that he had better qualify as a lawyer himself, and did three years of law at the Tel Aviv branch of the Hebrew University, while managing Shell Chemicals in Haifa.

Thus he has a rare collection of degrees — chemical engineering, economics and law. A notable gap in his training is that he is "not an auditor. I don't feel that so much; I've trained myself to read balance-sheets like an accountant. But I would have liked to have had academic training in labour relations. Still, in 25 years, I have never had a strike. I doubt whether many executives in Israel can equal that record."

SOMEHOW he managed to make time to engage in public affairs. He was a member of the original Liberal Party, before the split with the Progressive. He formed a young Liberal Party group, dedicated to three objectives: forming Gahal (the Likud-Merut bloc); establishing a young leadership in the Liberal Party; and getting his party to think of actually challenging Labour's predominant role. This led to a quarrel with the Liberal leaders of the time — Yosef Sapir, Yosef Serlin and Elimelech Rimalt, and Moda'i went "into exile" for eight years.

He stood for the mayoralty of Herzliya in 1969, against the Mapai champion, Yosef Nevo, and managed to raise the Gahal vote from 20 per cent to 40 per cent. For four years he led the opposition in the municipality. Then, in 1973, he was elected to the eighth Knesset.

His wife is now the vice-chairman of Wizo-Israel, and is also engaged in many other voluntary activities. This week, for example, she organized Eutebbe Day at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv. Their daughter is married to a law student and works for the Army Radio. A 19-year-old son is serving in the Tank Corps, and a 14-year-old girl lives at home with the Moda'is in Herzliya Pituah.

When he gets a chance, he plays chess or tennis. "In my day I was the primary schools chess champion."

HIS LAST word was about the future of the new government. "I speak as a veteran cabinet minister, with exactly two weeks service behind me. I am very happy about the government, because of the strong support we got from the public; I hope that our backing in the Knesset will be increased by the entry of the Democratic Movement for Change into the government. Frankly, I must warn the public that we have inherited a rusty government machine, and what is worse, established policies in the life of the state that are going to be very difficult to change. But we have to change almost everything — politically, economically, socially, the quality of life in Israel. It's not going to be easy. After 30 years of socialist government — even more, if you add the period before the State was formed, when Mapai ran things — so it may take longer than we expected. But it's got to be done, and we'll do it." □

WHILE SEVERAL ministries are being "bumped" out of existence by the new government, Yitzhak Moda'i is to head the brand new Ministry of Energy and Infrastructure. His colleagues are aiding comfortably into the armchairs and offices of their predecessors in the last government. But the Minister of Energy is "boarding" in the vacant office of Moshe Kol, the former Minister of Tourism. (Tourism, as we know, is now a mere appendage of Industry and Commerce.)

There are certain advantages to not having a permanent home. Moda'i has not inherited any staff or a set-up that he needs to change; he can gather around him whoever he wants.

"My ministry," he says, "is entrusted with planning, developing and running the basics — energy, land, water, minerals — and harnessing science for the gigantic tasks of development. At this stage, it is not quite clear whether all these factors will come entirely under my control; the details will be worked out by the end of next week. Nevertheless, I've already started to bring energy under my area of responsibility, since it calls desperately for special state handling."

Even countries that depend on external sources for as little as 20 or 30 per cent of their energy needs have become almost panicky. The U.S., which only imports 20 per cent of its needs, has set up a special administrator, directly under President Carter. Israel is 100 per cent dependent on a supply of energy from abroad. And we have a special problem that makes us even more vulnerable than other lands — our defence needs.

"It is a vast and complicated problem. Before long, with the help of experts, who have been engaged in these fields for years, I hope to develop master plans — immediate, intermediate and long-range — for Israel's energy needs."

"Almost as urgent is the question of water. We are using all our available natural resources fully, and must create additional supplies by regeneration and desalination. Such projects may involve using atomic energy. Everybody understands that the projects we handle — oil drilling, desalination, recovery of effluent and flood waters — are of the first magnitude for any state, let alone a tiny one like Israel."

YITZHAK MODA'I'S route to his ministerial chair, wherever it may ultimately be situated, has been a winding one. But there can be no doubt about his qualifications for the job of husbanding and expanding Israel's resources.

Born in Tel Aviv in 1926, he attended the Geula School; while at school, he was already a member of Hagana. After matriculating, he was instructed by the Hagana to join the mixed British-Arab-Jewish police force, and charged with — among other things — patrolling the shore and keeping a look-out for "illegal immigrants."

"You can readily understand why Hagana put me there," he comments, dryly.

After a year of this, he went to the Technion and took a degree in chemical engineering. But before

he could practise his newly acquired profession, the War of Independence started. Moda'i served as a field officer, occasionally as a staff officer, and ended the war as a battalion commander. Immediately after the war, he was promoted to the rank of agan-aluf (lieutenant-colonel); and there were very few colonels in those days. Among the men who served under him at one stage was Ariel (Arik) Sharon.

Moda'i recalls that Aluf (Brigadier) Dan Even, in his autobiography, wrote that he had told Moda'i one evening, "One day you'll be chief of staff." "But," says Moda'i today, "I didn't feel that I was the military type. I engaged in war when I had to, but I really have a mixture of private and public approaches to issues. Frankly, I am very much happier that I have found my way into the Cabinet, however much I respect the important position of chief of staff."

At the end of 1950, Moda'i tried to get out of the Army to start life as a chemical engineer. However, he was not allowed to enter private life for some time; the government asked him to go to the Technion and take a degree in chemical engineering. But before

acquisition of supplies, the training of personnel and the application of new knowledge to military problems. This sounds like quite a programme, but he says that he was not kept very busy, because relations between the government and the new State of Israel were not very warm, at that time. So he found time to attend courses at the London School of Economics, where he took his second academic degree in economics.

He also managed to collect a wife, Michal Harel, (the second Miss Israel), who was passing through London on her way home from a tour of the U.S.

RETURNING to Israel after his term of duty in London, he served for a year on the Israeli-Syrian and Israeli-Lebanese Armistice Commissions. Among his many responsibilities he had to deal with setting up kibbutzim around the southern shore of Lake Kinneret.

At last, in 1952, he became a civilian.

"I have actually built four major enterprises from scratch," he says proudly. "All of them are prospering to this day. Of course, I don't claim credit for the way

"Normally, money is only one component of an industry — others are people, equipment, knowhow. But in recent years, because of galloping inflation and the instability in the economy, money has been all that has mattered. One can make more by investing in linked bonds than in using the capital for productive purposes."

After his first venture, Moda'i realized how complicated every aspect of the commercial system in Israel is — forming a company, negotiating labour agreements,

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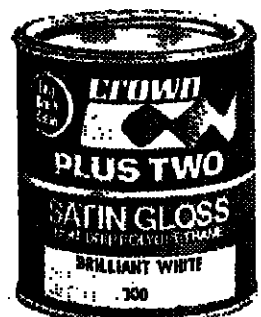
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WHEN I LEFT Saigon in a U.S. Air Force transport plane in April, 1975, five days before its fall, I never thought I'd ever see Vietnamese strolling along a street in Israel. Nor did I expect to hear Vietnamese among the many languages being spoken in a small town in the Negev. But in Ofakim I heard *O banh mi nay bao nhieu tien?* ("How much is this bread?"); *Tôi đang đi đến bưu điện* ("I am going to the post office."); and *Lối nào đến chợ?* ("Which is the way to the market?").

I may have been surprised at the scene in Ofakim. Le Dinh Quy, one of the organizers of the escape, was more than surprised: he was amazed.

"I heard and read in Vietnam how Israel has fought the Arabs," he told me shortly after I arrived at the absorption centre there on Thursday evening last week. "I knew that Israel was at war with them. But when I came to Israel, I see Arabs walking peacefully in the streets."

When, next morning all 66 refugees went to the Beersheba Chest Clinic to be X-rayed, they saw plenty of Arabs.

On their way there they also saw something else they'd never seen in real life. Mothers clutched their babies and little children excitedly pointed out of the bus windows. There, in the shadow of giant high-voltage pylons were Beduin and camels.

During the two hours it took for the X-rays to be developed, I took 11 of the refugees into the city centre to shop for food. Some of them belonged to the group of 16 Chinese among the refugees who, while Vietnamese citizens, are part of the Chinese diaspora in Southeast Asia, and are still identified as Chinese. Most of them are ancestor worshippers, as opposed to the majority of the Vietnamese rescued by the Yuvali, who are Buddhists. Only about 20 of the refugees are Catholics.

WE DESCENDED like benevolent and cash-paying locusts on the supermarket inside the Hamaahbir department store. The refugees wanted, above all, rice and soya sauce.

The French-speaking manager and several of his staff came to our aid. Soon the shelves were cleared of soya sauce and rice. Replenishments were called for and in a few minutes the store's entire stock of soya had been snapped up.

Staff members and shoppers came over to say "Shalom." The refugees had by now learned the word and replied cheerfully *Shalom*. The manager arranged a welcome discount, and we departed with expressions of goodwill all round.

That evening, all newcomers, Jews, Vietnamese and Chinese alike, were invited to what many thought was to be an *Erev Shabbat* dinner. In the clubhouse, white tablecloths, *hallo!* and wine. A good beginning, except for the absence of salt. Then at 8.30, well after sundown, candle-lighting was performed. This was followed by a *kiddush*.

Then gefilte fish was served. This was hardly a dish for the refugees. And that was it. No dinner, only a first course. It wasn't just the Vietnamese who were bewildered.

The refugees and the Jewish new immigrants departed to their caravans and cabins for the remainder of their meal. (The absorption centre consists mainly of cabins and luxury caravans — \$8,000 "mobile homes" set in

HOW DO YOU SAY SHABBAT IN VIETNAMESE?

SAM WOLF, who has lived in Vietnam, spends a weekend with the 66 Vietnamese refugees in Ofakim.



The Quy family showing the flag at Ofakim.

(Mark Feffer)

well-kept grounds.) I joined some Vietnamese for a vegetarian meal served with plenty of the rice which they need to eat at least once a day.

ON SHABBAT morning, I met a French diplomat and his Vietnamese wife in the caravan of Dr. Tran Quan Hoa, the surgeon who was one of the escape organizers. They had come from Jerusalem on an unofficial visit to offer personal help.

The diplomat's wife is going to Paris shortly and she promised to bring back some *Ngoc Nam*, a favourite Vietnamese condiment. It is a pungent smelling liquid made from dried fish which have been allowed to rot in the sun for from six to 12 months.

That night, I went out to Ofakim's crowded, gaily-lit town centre with Nguyen Hiep Si, one of the five fishermen who, with their families, make up 17 of the 66 refugees. Like all the fishermen, he spoke no English or French, only Vietnamese.

When we sat down at a café we were immediately surrounded by a curious, friendly crowd of young boys who tried unsuccessfully to start up a conversation with Hiep. The evening otherwise was a success, though I have to report that from his reaction I would guess that falafel is unlikely to become a Vietnamese national dish. Shashlik, chips, and beer were more to his liking.

On Sunday morning I had my second talk with Nguyen Huu Long, Le Dinh Quy's father-in-law. Aged 60, he is the oldest of the refugees. He told me, sadly, that since their arrival, no priest or other Catholic representative had visited them. Another thing that was upsetting him was the absence of pork. Like most Vietnamese (except for those who are Moslems, of course), he is very fond of pork.

Later in the day I spoke to a family of Chinese. Miss Huynh Buu Van, her brother Huynh Bao Lien (Vietnamese and Chinese family names come first), and \$8,000 "mobile homes" set in

head, Huynh Muu, were interested in Chinese restaurants in Israel and wanted to know whether there was a Chinese school in the country.

On the latter point I expressed doubts, but with the aid of a tourist guide was easily able to supply them with the names, addresses and phone numbers of Chinese restaurants in Tel Aviv, Netanya, Herzliya, Jerusalem, and Haifa. (The only problem they'd have with a phone call, apart from the usual one of broken phones and lack of *assimilation*, would be one of language. They'd have to find a restaurant where the Cantonese dialect was spoken. A letter in Chinese would, of course, be understood by any literate Chinese person, regardless of his spoken dialect.)

Later in the evening, Tony Cu, brother of Le Dinh Quy, arrived from nowhere less than Joplin, Missouri. He hopes to get the U.S. Government to admit the seven members of his family now in Ofakim.

"However, I am a refugee myself," he told me. "I am not a U.S. citizen, so I am not sure if I can sponsor their entry. But I hope so."

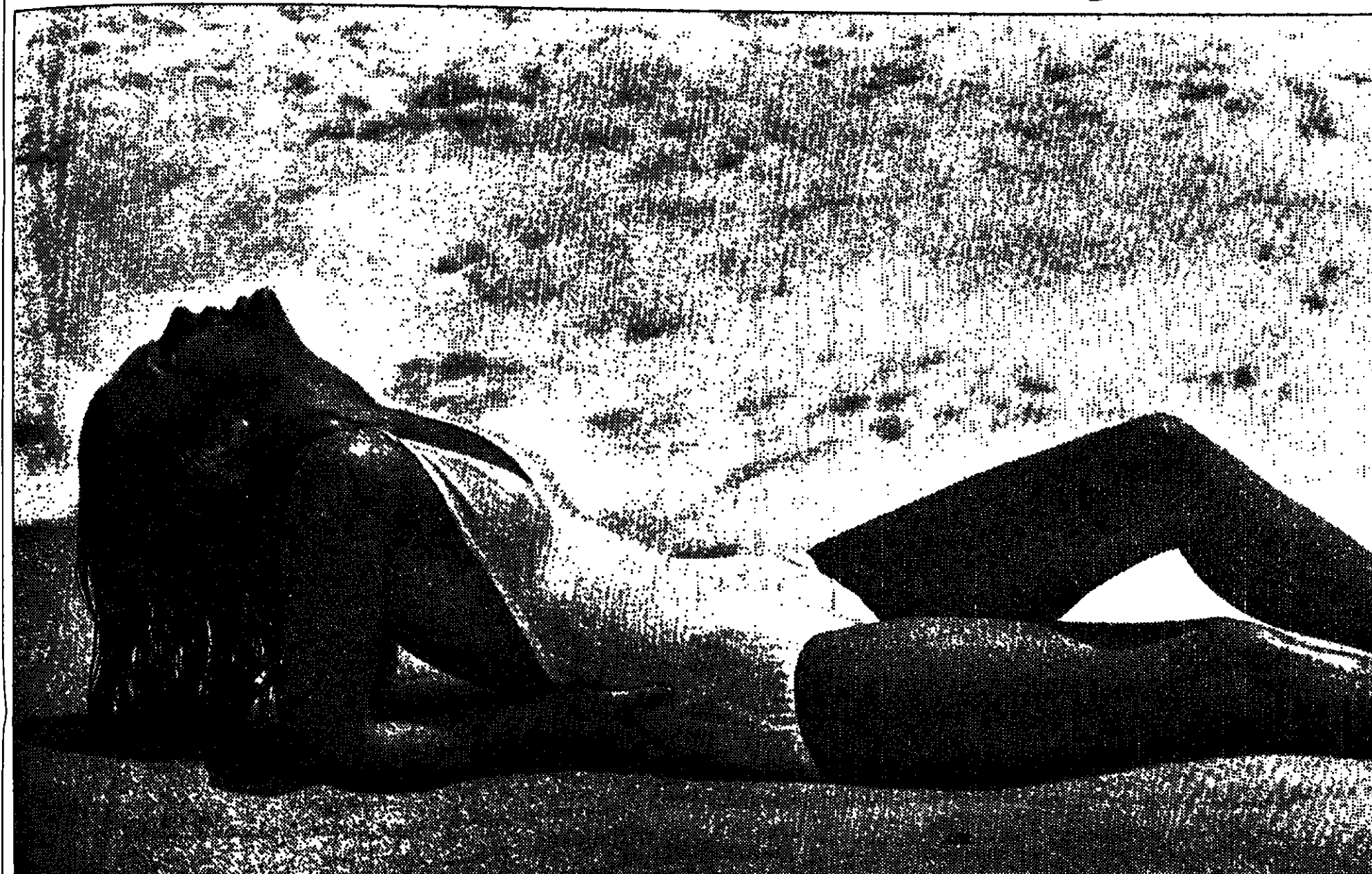
Cu arrived in Israel with refugee travel documents. He had, he said, no difficulty in getting in. "The customs didn't check a thing," he added. He was staying for only four days, as he had to rush back to the import-export firm he works for in Joplin.

SO ENDED the long weekend for the Vietnamese. Their first in Israel. On Monday morning they began upon.

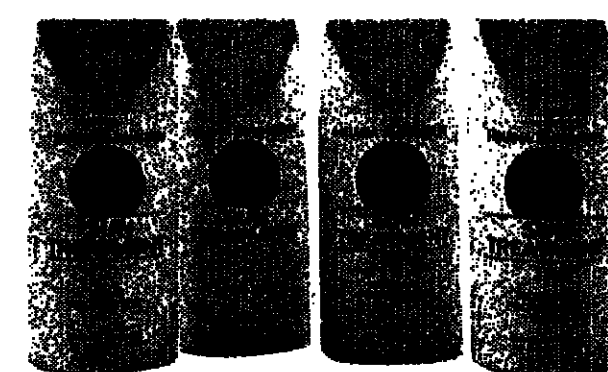
"Four hours a day, six days a week," explained the obviously harassed manager of the absorption centre, Michael Teltzer. "They have to learn basic Hebrew so that they can make contact with the people in Israel. It's the same problem as for all newcomers."

London-born Sam Wolf spent several years teaching at universities in Asia.

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THERE IS SOMETHING schizophrenic about the job of the military censor. He must perform the difficult task of balancing between the right of the people to know, in a free and democratic society, and his duty to protect them, sometimes despite themselves. Between the right of a journalist to pursue a scoop, and the knowledge that unbridled reporting on military affairs could cost lives. To strike this balance, the censor and the editors of Israel's 26 daily newspapers have come to a gentleman's agreement, which has remained intact over the years.

Few understand the parameters of military censorship in Israel, though many have pontificated on the subject. Some have tried to use the existence of censorship to back their assertion that Israel is nothing but a totalitarian wolf in democratic sheep's clothing; others point to the leniency of military censorship in a country under siege as proof of the strength of Israel's democracy.

The chief military censor — an officer appointed by the defence minister — has the power to close down any publication in the country, if he feels that there has been an infringement of the censorship laws. But in reality, the censor has curbed his own sweeping powers — granted under the 1945 (British Mandate) Emergency Regulations.

All copy is submitted to one of 48 censors for perusal. Deletions may be made. The paper then must make a decision. It either takes out the offensive passage, or leaves it in. In the latter case a special three-man commission — a journalist, a military man and someone acceptable to both parties — considers the matter. If security is found to have been breached, the paper can be fined or even closed down. If there has been no breach, the censor can do nothing.

MILITARY CENSORSHIP in Israel applies to all news reporting in — and from — Israel. Foreign correspondents working here have to submit all copy to the censor — including television clips — before it is sent abroad. The censor has been known at times to break into an international call being made by a correspondent who did not previously clear his copy.

Inside Israel, newspapers send the censor — prior to publication — material which the newspaper considers likely to be censorable. Often the censor wants to see full page proofs, if he feels that there may be material on the page which could pose a security problem.

The censor frequently warns a paper in advance that any material on a certain subject should not be printed without his prior approval.

THERE HAVE BEEN times when the censor was accused of dabbling in politics. A very recent instance was the permission given to publish information about a top-secret weapons system. According to the Opposition, the disclosure came at an auspicious time for the then ruling party. And during the Lavon Affair, it was generally felt that the censor used his powers to protect the incumbent prime minister, David Ben-Gurion. In January, 1974, *The Jerusalem Post* was impelled to editorialize that, despite the fact that censorship is abhorrent in a democracy, "there are times when a democratic nation, to protect itself, must limit the information given to public dis-

closure." This, the paper continued, will remain tolerable for only as long as "the blue pencil strikes strictly at the proper targets, and that what the public is told is otherwise complete and credible."

What prompted *The Post* to speak out was a series of highly controversial cuts made by the censor, culminating in the Israel public's being denied the knowledge that a huge fire at the Abu Rodeis oilfields had been caused by a misdirected Hawk missile. Finally, NBC correspondent David Barrington went to Cyprus in order to file the story.

The press was in an uproar: there could be absolutely no security justification, it was commonly felt, for the censor's "killing" the story.

The "Barrington Affair" came shortly after the censor had killed reports by military correspondents in Israel that the Egyptians had moved anti-aircraft missiles to the Second Army on the west bank of the Suez Canal. The news had appeared in every newspaper in the country, in the form of a Likud advertisement. But when military reporters tried to give the same account they were prevented, an action the *Post* editorial termed "not only arbitrary, but inept."

SHORTLY before he retired two months ago, the former chief censor, Tat-Aluf Walter Bar-On, told me that he had a clear conscience about his performance of the task. He replied to my sceptical look by quoting from a file on his neat desk. From it, it appeared that of 50 complaints registered by the censor with the three-man commission, the censor was found to be correct in every case.

There were 18 complaints from the press that the censor was abusing his authority. In 11 cases the committee voted unanimously that the paper had no claim; in five cases, after the censor's explanation to the editor of the paper in question, the complaint was withdrawn; and in two cases the committee was divided.

But committees aside, not a day goes by without some correspondent taking issue with the censor. Sometimes it is because, frustratingly, a hard-got piece of information will never make it into print. And it can be just as frustrating to see news you have been "sitting on" for weeks mysteriously appear in foreign publications.

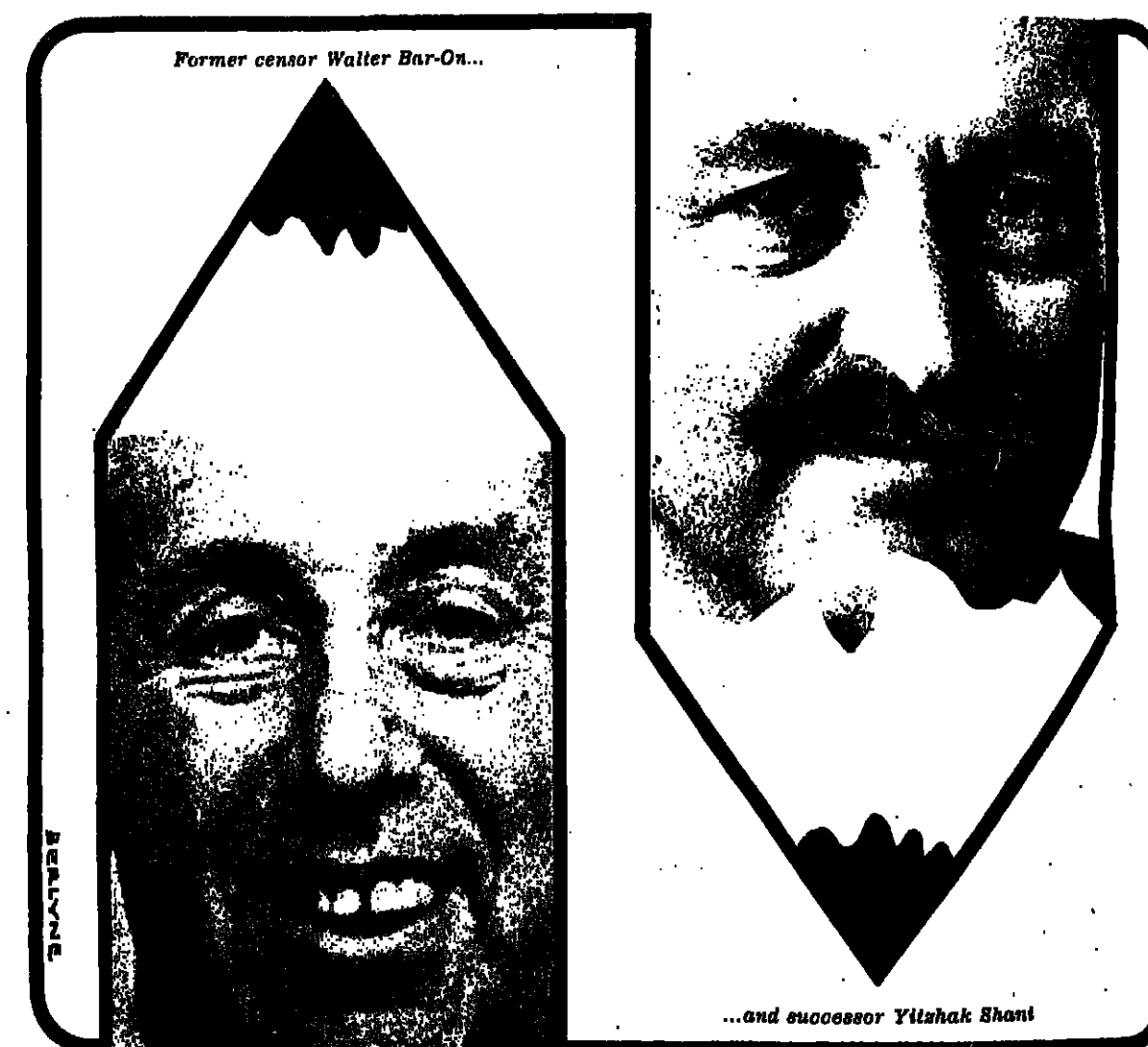
Such was the case recently with the long-withheld story of the Israel-made Merkava tank, which appeared in the U.S. *Armed Forces Journal*. It has happened dozens of times with *Aviation Week*, which seems to have an excellent pipeline to Israeli sources bent on publishing abroad information censorable in this country.

ONLY ONCE in recent memory (in August, 1974, when *Ha-aretz* published an article by Yoel Marcus, commenting on statements by the chief of staff) has a newspaper knowingly published information that had been ruled out by the censor. (More often there are innocent slip-ups.) Giving the censor the benefit of the doubt makes sense when publication might — just possibly — cost lives.

The censor's job is to prevent the flow of information to the enemy — to reveal as little as possible about the actual strength of Israel's defence forces, and only enough about the IDF's actual capabilities to act as a deterrent. This also includes data which would compromise a secret relationship between Israel and

THE SENSE OF CENSORSHIP

The chief military censor often must walk the tightrope between two sometimes conflicting interests — the country's security and freedom of the press. POST Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN outlines the perils of that balancing act.



another country, or which can point to the source of an item, particularly if that source is from intelligence channels.

All information on military operations is censorable, as are details about allys from certain countries and economic capabilities, if the release of this information could be of use to the enemy. The comings and goings of ships at sea and security personnel are censorable; so are at least six score items, neatly and logically laid down in a booklet designed to act as a guide for the perplexed editor.

The categories are, for the most part, clear-cut. The definition of information that can be of help to the enemy is clear.

But there is a whole category designed to preserve ourselves from self-harm. For instance, the censor can "kill" anything he deems can be harmful to the morale of the public — a vague statement at best, which could be interpreted to include almost anything.

IT HAS BEEN estimated that less than 1 per cent of all copy submitted to the censor gets "killed." That 1 per cent often is controversial.

A good example is a report I filed several months ago, about a housing project being put up in one of Israel's northern border towns. The report said that the

Housing Ministry was building a residential area with prefabricated houses on a slope facing enemy territory, with inadequate shelter facilities. Residents had refused to move in until changes were made. The report was killed. Reason: I was isolating a potential target (or Israeli weakness) for the enemy.

On the other hand, was it not important for the taxpayers to know about this apparent blunder, wasting of millions of pounds? Was the censor being used to protect politicians?

Finally, the chief censor — in cooperation with the editor of *The Post* — forwarded the story to the Housing Ministry and the Defence Ministry, who were asked to provide the paper with adequate answers, within a specific period of time. The censor argued — convincingly — that the paper wanted to publish the report to correct the situation, not only to criticize.

Several months later, *The Post* was allowed to publish a watered-down version of the report. Then, for reasons which still are not clear, it was decided that the story could no longer help the enemy. Had the story not been published, it could not have been used now as an example.

BAR-ON told me, several years ago, he had suggested to a gathering of the country's editors that

they adopt a policy of self-censorship, similar to that of the English. Bar-On said his offer was turned down by all present. "How, they wanted to know," he said, "could they decide what was of benefit to the enemy and what was not?"

The former O/C Intelligence, Aluf (res.) Aharon Yariv made the same point in June, 1976, during the Ted Lurie Memorial Symposium on Press Freedom and Censorship in War and Peace. Yariv, after pointing out that the theme of the conference was "unreal" since Israel had never known real peace, went on to recount how lax censorship had disclosed the capability of Israeli electronics interception capability in June, 1967, when newspapers printed an account of a conversation between Egypt's Nasser and Jordan's Hussein at the start of the Six Day War.

On the other hand, Shalom Rosenfeld, the editor of *Ma'ariv*, noted at the same conference how his paper (and *The Post*) had been barred from publishing reports of Egyptian troop movements on the eve of the Yom Kippur war. "Who knows," Rosenfeld asked rhetorically, "what might have happened had the reports been published?"

Rosenfeld's question referred to a report I obtained from an intelligence source that the Egyptians had moved two brigades

towards the Suez Canal. I shared the information with the military correspondent of *Ma'ariv*, in the hope of obtaining independent confirmation. He confirmed the report, but stories in both papers were killed. The reason: The information was gleaned from intelligence reports, and could possibly compromise the source.

Over and above the fact that our stories were killed, both I and the *Ma'ariv* reporter were brought before the Army Spokesman and told that we were creating panic for no good reason. Even if the source of our information was not jeopardized by publication, our stories could have been killed on grounds of harming public morale.

WALTER BAR-ON was chief military censor for 25 years, under five prime ministers, five defence ministers and nine chief of staff.

During his long tenure, Bar-On naturally became identified, personally, with the whole issue of censorship in Israel. One never planned the censor's office; one planned Walter. Censorship was Walter and Walter was censorship. He was the final arbiter. No drastic changes are expected under Bar-On's successor, Aluf-Mahne Yitzhak Shani, his trusted deputy for many years and the former head of the Tel Aviv bureau.

(The two men have been very close. When Shani was promoted to aluf-mahne several months ago, Bar-On rummaged through his things and presented Shani with his own three oak-leaves, that gesture left little doubt in anyone's mind as to whom Bar-On had chosen as his heir.)

This vagueness in the chain of command makes it possible in theory for the censor, or someone who can apply the necessary pressures on him, to prevent publication of virtually any fact or figure or even statement originating in Israel. To enforce such a decision, he could even close down a publication for failure to obey his commands.

In practice, this has never happened.

Walter Bar-On believed that the press was too powerful, and democracy too entrenched in Israel, ever to allow the censor to run away with his authority. Why, then, he was asked, are the Emergency Regulations — rules laid down by the British, determined to stifle political opposition to their presence — still in force? The reply was another question: Why do away with rules that are not bothering anyone?

THERE IS ONLY ONE recorded case of a newspaper, whose editor was a member of the Editors' Committee, being closed down. In 1950 the censor ordered *LeMerkhav*, the now-defunct Ahdui Ha'avoda paper, closed for a few days for publishing a report that the chief of staff had travelled to Germany.

The West Bank press has been closed down more often. East Jerusalem papers, it is said, often use the fact that there is military censorship to try to deny that Israel has the only free Arab press in the world — an embarrassing fact used to great advantage by Israeli emissaries abroad.

Here the absurd occasionally has been reached. Several weeks ago, Danny Rubinstein of *Davar* was speaking to the editor of an East Jerusalem daily. The editor handed Rubinstein a copy of the next day's editorial.

Rubinstein filed a report for *Davar* published the next morn-

ing. It said that the morning edition of *Al-Kuds* had published an editorial calling on West Bankers to rally against the government. What Rubinstein did not know was that the Jerusalem censor had killed the editorial the previous night, after he left *Al-Kuds*.

THE FOLLOWING day, *Al Kuds* reprinted Rubinstein's article about the editorial in full, thus getting its points across to its readership despite censorship.

How come the censor in Tel Aviv who dealt with Rubinstein's story did not come to the same conclusion as the censor in Jerusalem, who handled the *Al-Kuds* editorial? A clue to the answer was given by Bar-On in a recent interview. "With regard to the Arab press we are not democratic," he said. "The role of the Arab press is to incite against us. To encourage opposition — sometimes violent opposition. This we will not allow."

He drew a sharp distinction between incitement and politics. He claimed that all press in Israel — including the Arabs — enjoyed complete political freedom of expression. "I can distinguish the thin red line which exists between incitement and politics. I have to," he said.

SENSING THAT I was uncomfortable with my inability to see the "thin red line" as clearly as he could, Bar-On recounted that in 1961 the International Press Institute (IPI) was seeking a venue for its next conference. The country in which the conference was to be held had to enjoy total freedom of the press. Three countries put forward their candidacy — France, the U.S. and Israel. America was quickly dropped by the IPI because of controversy surrounding actions in Vietnam and Korea, and a special team was dispatched to Israel and France to check out freedom of the press. The conclusion: Despite military censorship in Israel, the country had a far freer press than France, where — among other restrictions — all foreign publications critical of de Gaulle were banned. The conference was held here.

ONLY ONCE has the censor taken stringent action against a journalist. There have been reprimands, but never a prison term or even a court case. In 1969, however, the censor demanded the credentials of CBS correspondent Tony Hatch, he withdrawn, after Hatch broke censorship and telephoned his editors in the U.S. that Israel was conducting a raid inside Egypt — while the raid was still in progress, thus endangering 120 Israeli lives.

CENSORSHIP is a fact of Israeli life. Few would argue that it has affected the quality of this country's press, which is still very alert and highly influential.

The country's 26 dailies and over 200 magazines — published in over a dozen languages — are free to express their opinions, and they continue to coexist with the country's need to protect itself.

But that coexistence demands absolute confidence that censorship is not being abused, and that credibility is maintained.

In a democracy, this trust — which must be mutual — is not a convenience or a luxury. It goes to the very heart of the capability to lead and the capacity to follow.

It is to be hoped that both Shani and the Likud Government are aware of the delicacy of the relationship. There is every indication that they are. □

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DOCUMENTA, the West German show of modern art history that has become the world's most prestigious periodical "overview," opened in Kassel late last month with what the local Hessian paper described as a *krach*.

The quadrennial exhibition was founded in 1958 by Prof. Arnold Bode, whose original design was to show Germans what they had missed during the Third Reich, when modern art was banned as "degenerate."

Documenta 6 opened a year late, mainly because its committee took nearly two years to decide to let Manfred Schneckenburger, a young museum curator from Cologne, present his concept of what the show should consist of this time. But the final say as to what was actually shown was left to Documenta's international committee.

The *krach* came with the official opening on June 24. Some artists who had been led to believe that they were in, were out. Others were horrified to see that the painting section had been wedged into unsuitable galleries in Kassel's old Fridericianum Museum and one of Germany's leading painters, Gerhard Richter, angrily removed several of his large canvases. A leading New York art dealer and his cohorts immediately switched the canvases of one of their own artists into the vacant space. Several artists who recently escaped from East Germany organized a sit-down protest in a neighbouring gallery housing a show of East German painting by the socialist realist establishment. They were protesting the inclusion of "Communist reactionaries" in a show which has the international reputation of being avant garde while the "real" East German avant garde was ignored. Klaus Honnef and Evelyn Weiss, the curators of the Documenta painting section, promptly resigned, leaving Schneckenburger holding the bag.

The average Kasselite is hostile to Documenta, despite its approval by the city's establishment, businessmen and hoteliers. Irate citizens are not looking forward to another long, hot summer of long-haired students crowding into the city. They don't understand Documenta's art and abhor the happenings. Many of them, including youngsters, vented their aggression on the outdoor sculptures, cutting steel cables, painting the iron constructions, jumping all over others and breaking beer bottles into them.

DESPITE ALL this, Documenta 6 is a rewarding experience, though it lacks the dramatic impact of the Documenta 5 of 1972. That was largely organized by Harald Szeemann and featured such shockers as Kienholz' tableaux of a Southern lynching and ostracism, a super-realistic sculpture by John D'Andrea of a couple coupling and the Viennese sado-masochist *aktionen*.

Schneckenburger's overall idea was to seize upon another recent development: art "contemplating itself" and its own materials and techniques. This is a phenomenon in which even the compositional element often disappears. The idea runs through all the sections of Schneckenburger's nine-ring circus, and has been treated broadly enough to include art of nearly all persuasions. Documenta 6 also sets out to "legitimize" the art of photography and the use of video and film, more particularly as a non-narrative art form.

The nine rings in simultaneous presentation comprise painting

about painting; sculpture in which the material itself is of paramount importance; happenings and body art, including a real plane crash; film; a historical review of photography and recent uses of the camera and enlarger in art; video; drawing about drawing or about art and artists; Utopian design (of real and imaginary automobiles); and a show based on the theme of the nature of the book. Hundreds of artists are represented, five of them Israelis.

THE EXHIBITION is scattered through three enormous museum buildings, while the outdoor sculptures are spread out over miles of lovely parkland. It takes several days just to walk past all the exhibits, even without stopping to study them in detail. But everything is tidily compartmentalized and there is an excellent three-volume catalogue with maps (but only in German, as usual) which is one of the great achievements of Documenta 6. It is possible to get an excellent idea of Documenta just from a perusal of this illustrated catalogue, even though some works simply have to be experienced, while others are beyond photographic description.

One such work is an enormous bath (7.20m. x 6.5m. x 0.25m.) made by Japan's Noriyo Haraguchi and filled to the brim with heavy black oil, which reflects, as it at great depth, the illuminated ceiling of an otherwise darkened room. The clean beauty of the surface of this filthy material is an extraordinary revelation; Haraguchi is expert at demonstrating both the intrinsic and hidden qualities in the mundane materials he uses. His works are entitled *Bushitsu*, Japanese for "matter"; and this particular bath is carefully related to the size of the room.

In fact, it is the "object" and sculpture that steal the show; it is only in what the Germans call *plastik* that one senses a break with traditions and a plunge into something really new.

One of the most striking and popular sculptures at Documenta 6 is a large and successful outdoor work by Israel's Dani Karavan. Another Israeli, Michael Gittlin, has three interesting pieces of sculpture inside the Fridericianum. These will be described in another article.

ALL THE MORE fascinating of the sculptures sited outdoors depend on, or interact with, their environment. The 61 environments and sculptures (plus another 10 archaeological sculptures) range from a massively simple earthwork by New York's Richard Florschner to an M.I.T. project called "Centrebeam."

This is a long triangular glass trough of stimulated water linked to natural and artificial light sources, gases, TV systems and laser beams, and mirrors into which 8-D holograms are projected. It comprises some 20 different visual scientific experiences, beginning with simple light refractions. The team of scientists who built it are from M.I.T.'s Centre for Advanced Visual Studies.

Another group work was designed by architects and engineers of Vienna's Haus-Rucker-Co which also works in Düsseldorf and New York. It consists of several gigantic concentric "picture frames" suspended over the Kassel park which not only frame the view but allow you to walk out into the air and through the first frame.

Both these works are more aesthetic experiences than

THE NINE-RING ART CIRCUS

West Germany's mammoth international exhibition of avant garde art, the quadrennial "Documenta," recently opened for the sixth time at Kassel. Post Art Editor MEIR RONNEN describes, in words and photographs, some of the highlights and shortcomings of this vast show, the most prestigious in the world.



George Trakas built intersecting bridges, one of steel, the other of wood and exploded dynamite under them.

Frank Stella, America's star geometric painter, was represented with his latest departure: painted assemblage.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FANNHSEN — Joint Cameri and Khan production based on the book by William Hinton which attempts to trace the roots of the Chinese revolution. Directed by Hsian Hsi (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MARATHON — A *four de forces* of a play by French playwright Claude Corniche, about three men running a marathon race; under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Merer, with the Khan's cast of three actual runners for about two hours. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday and Tuesday)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED — A clever sophisticated but essentially empty comedy, by Simon Gray, about a man who wants to spend the afternoon listening to music, but is best by other people's problems. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW — The Cameri's production of Shakespeare's comedy about the man who treated a woman the way a trainer treats lions in the circus, and proved the method's effectiveness. In Yosef Kili's interpretation which attempts a lot and goes nowhere. (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday and Sunday)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about WWII profiteers, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Saturday and Sunday)

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter searing story of two emigrants from a communal country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Hahmani, 17 Nahmani, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

EQUUS — Peter Shaffer's play about a boy who gouged out the eyes of five horses. The staging by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the play has little meaning. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Monday)

FANNHSEN — (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE — Arthur Miller's 1956 play about the plight of illegal immigrants living in the U.S. during the depression. Produced by the Halfa Municipal Theatre. (Ma'agan Michael, tonight; Givat Shmuel, Community Centre, Saturday; Kiryat Yehonatan, Beit Hahadass, Monday; Yavne, Community Centre, Tuesday)

WHO STOLE MY WIFE? — (Holon, Armon, tonight)

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Last subscription concert. Zubin Mehta conducting Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4 (Henryk Szeryng) and Mahler: Fifth Symphony. (Binyamin Ha'oma, Saturday)

GIORA FREIDMAN — Jewish Soul Music. Narration in English (Khan, Sunday)

BACH — BEETHOVEN — Uri Shoham. Piano; David Chen, violin; Hanooh Greenfield. (Yeha Music Centre, Ein Karem, Monday, Special "United Tours" bus from office near King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m., from Kings Hotel at 7.45 p.m., from Mount Herzl at 8 p.m. Return trip assured)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 24, Series 3. Zubin Mehta conducting works by Avni Tchaikovsky (Henryk Szeryng), and Schumann. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday)

Tel Aviv

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 24, Series 3. Zubin Mehta conducting works by Avni Tchaikovsky (Henryk Szeryng), and Schumann. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday)

FREE-WINNERS' CONCERT — Performance by prize-winning graduates of Rubin Academy of Jerusalem. (Israel Museum, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

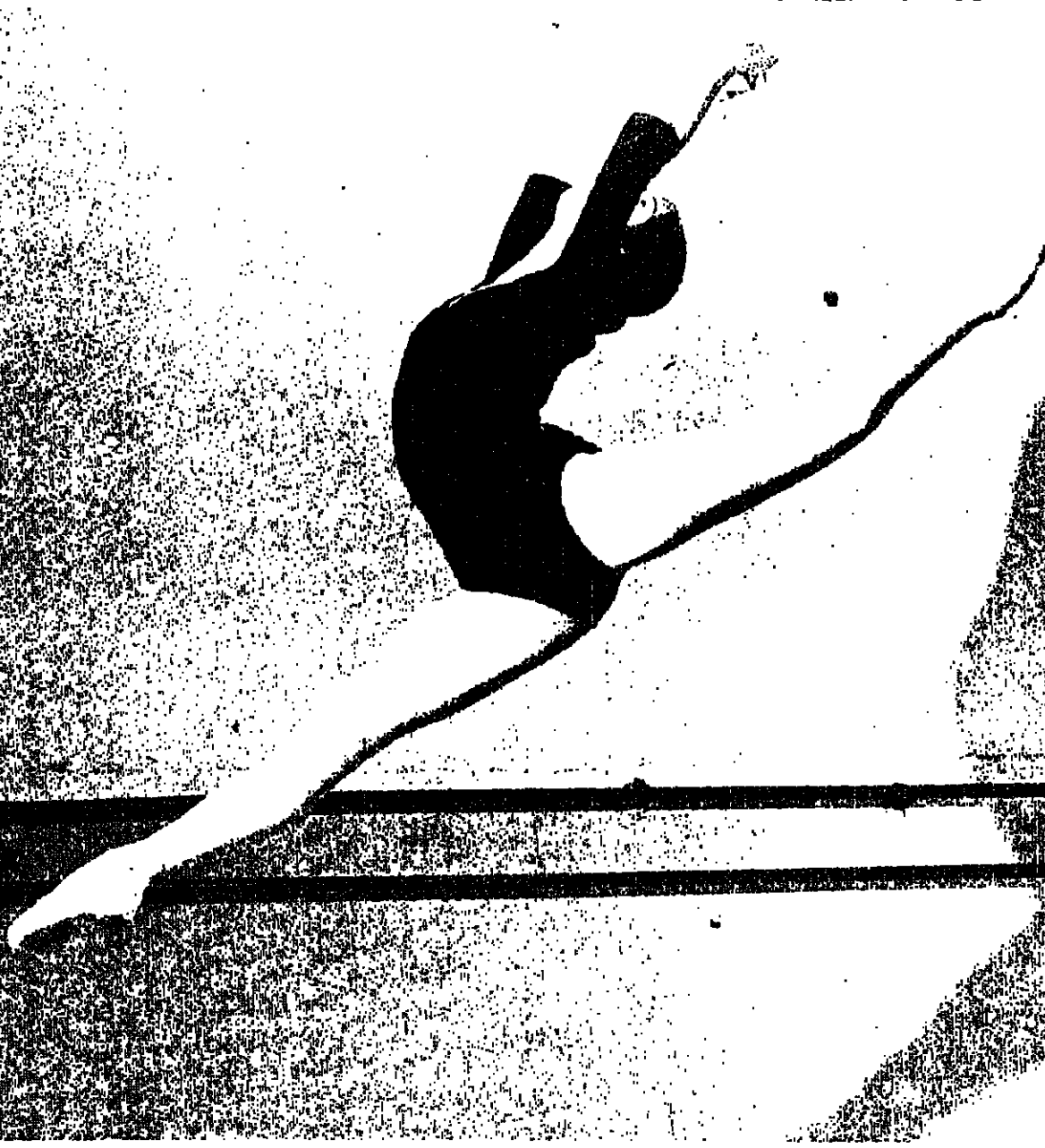
OPEN AIR CONCERT — Classical and Israeli music played by the Israel Folio Orchestra. (David's Tower, near Jaffa Gate, Monday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — Renaissance and Baroque works. (Int. Evang. Church, 30 Hanevi'im, Saturday and Tuesday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 24, Series 3. Zubin Mehta conducting works by Avni Tchaikovsky (Henryk Szeryng), and Schumann. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday)

FREE-WINNERS' CONCERT — Performance by prize-winning graduates of Rubin Academy of Jerusalem. (Israel Museum, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

OPEN AIR CONCERT — Classical and Israeli music played by the Israel Folio Orchestra. (David's Tower, near Jaffa Gate, Monday at 8 p.m.)



Sarit Becker rehearses 'Six Variations for Four dancers', currently in the Halfa Piccolo Ballet's repertoire.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

A BIRD IN THE WOOD — Nurit Gairolon sings Israeli poems. (Tsavta, 38 King George, tonight at 9.30)

EVENING OF JAZZ — With well known Israeli musicians. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

FAITHFUL CITY — Multi-media entertainment on the theme of "Jerusalem." (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

HASSIDIC POP — With the Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Tsavta, 38 King George, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE EVENING — Blues, country and western, ragtime. (Tsavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI POETRY — Read in English and Hebrew. (Tsavta, 38 King George, Monday at 9 p.m.)

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Songs by the folk and rock composer/singer Shalom Hanoch and his group. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Thursday at 8 and 10.30 p.m.)

RAAGTIME AND BLUES — With regular Tsavta singers and musicians. (Tsavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical, based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Hilton Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ADAM AND HAVAI — Musical comedy by Yonatan Gefen. (Beit Hahadass Hamoreh, Ben Sarouk, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

CHOCOLATE, MENTHA, MASTIK — In a new show of humorous musical sketches, "Smile My Beloved Country." (Beit Hahadass Hamoreh, Ben Sarouk, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — Songs and entertainment. (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HANIVER — In a new programme of political satire. (Zoh, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Beilinson, Monday at 7 and 9.30 p.m.)

CHOCOLATE, MENTHA, MASTIK — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.30)

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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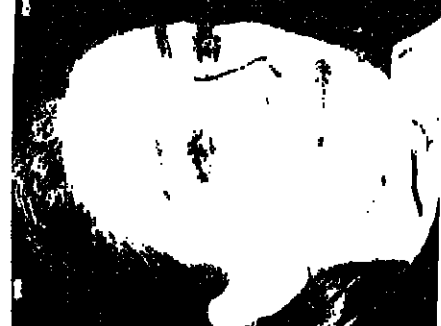
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JULY 8 - JULY 14

WEDNESDAY



Jean Simmons
TV, 22.00

[illegible]

7.07 Morning concert – Schumann: Schumann's Michael and Symphony
Rudakov, J.C. Bach: Symphony
Danceon: Remy's Korakov
Bassoon: Remy's Korakov
Danceon: Remy's Korakov
Wiesel, Edid Neumark: Haydn's
Symphony No.48 in F major, Minimo
English, 22.19 Mystery Movie

Violoncello: (John Williams); Brahms
 Violoncello Sonata No.2 in E-flat Major
 (Zakarenka, Barcnholm); Mozart
 Requiem in D Minor (Barenholm)
 10.07 Gastoldi: Ballet: Rameau
 Concerto; Schumann: Adagio and
 Allegro Op.70; Ives: Robert Brower
 and Maurice Strakosky
 11.06 Redbury
 12.02 Op.12 (Strocin); Ravel - Ertis and
 Yvay Taimi - Works by Teleman
 C.F.E. Bach, Beethoven, Stamitz
 13.05 Light classical music

[illegible]

14.00 Foreign language talk parade
14.30 101 Macabrala Gatos — IAV
15.00 *El mundo de los animales*
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and 7 p.m.

AINMENT

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WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of 11.16.20 per line including VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs 11.270.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Jerusalem
Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands: free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors' Department: Keren Kayemet Le-Israel (Jewish National Fund); in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 35261. In Tel Aviv, 86 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 03-234449.

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3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only. Tel. 418333.
4. Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Buber Building. Buses 9 and 26. School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 38-420. American Mizrahi Women, Guest Tours - Jerusalem - Tel. 521505, 222548.

American Peylin. Tours of youth projects and Peylin-founded educational institutions. Tel. 02-521433, 9 a.m.-2 p.m.
Emunah - World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation. Tourist Centre, 20 Rehov Ben Maimon. Tel. 02-4248, 3929, 81154.

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Pioneer Women - Na'amat. Free morning tours. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 201111, ext. 290, Tel Aviv.

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Haifa

Prehistory Museum. Biological Institute and Zoo - On Ha'em, Rehov Halihihi, Tel. 55833. Daily, 8 a.m.-2 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.-2 p.m.
Rehovot. Wetmann Institute of Science - Conducted tours, Sun. to Fri. at 10.30 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

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80th National Convention of the Zionists Organization of America
Sunday, July 10, 1977 at 8.30 p.m.
Caesarea Amphitheatre
Grand Entertainment

Festival of Song and Dance Under the Stars

150 artists on stage

- * Yehoram Gaon
- * Mike Bursat
- * "We Are Here" Troupe
- * Inbal Dance Theatre
- * Tsahal Orchestra
- * Tel Aviv-Yafo City Children's Choir

Director: Yitzhak Graciani Conductor: Laslo Roth

Tickets available from: Z.O.A. House, 1 Rehov Daniel Frisch, Hadran Agency and all other agencies; also at the following hotels: Dan, Hilton, Plaza, Sheraton, Grand Beach, Ramada, Continental, Astor, Samud, Basel, Sind.

Please note: buses will leave from the Egged Bus Terminal next to the Hilton Hotel, Rehov Hayarkon, Tel Aviv at 6.30-7.00 p.m.

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Sunday, July 10, Monday, July 11
Tickets: "Hot Dor," Tel. 03-263176 and at the Habimah Box Office
Performances as part of the Israel Festival:
Haifa Municipal Theatre
Monday, July 18 at 8.30 p.m.
Bat-Dor Hall, Wednesday, July 20; Thursday, July 21 and Monday, July 26 at 8.30 p.m.
Rehov Hahavazelet, Kfar Sava:
Tuesday, July 26 at 8.30 p.m.
Jerusalem Theatre
Thursday, July 28 at 8.30 p.m.
Tickets: Haifa - Gerber, Mt. Carmel, Tel. 04-84777
Jerusalem - Habimah, Tel. 02-22221
Kfar Sava - Bat Dor, Ticket Agency Office and Habimah Box Office.

BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY

THE ITALIAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE, TEL AVIV
has the pleasure to announce the opening of
'Mental Installation'
by
Vincenzo Agnelli
with lecture/performance by the artist
at the Israel Museum, Jerusalem; Billy Rose Pavilion
Saturday July 9, 1977 at 7 p.m.

Up the hill in Eilat

THE CITIZENS of Eilat are a picky bunch. Spoiled by the plenitude of dining places around them, they eat fish by the seashore, meat up the hill in town. Thus our friends who took us to Beber, on Eilat's main street, gently suggested that we explore the beef side of the menu. They explained that Henri, the Luxembourg manager, showed his best colours in these dishes. The restaurant itself is simple and cheerful, although the walls are covered by over-busy black-and-white wallpaper. Henri and his wife Denise greeted our party with handshakes. The entire atmosphere was one of friendly joviality.

I opened my meal with a bowl of onion soup. This is a dish which can be either exquisite or foul, depending on the care taken in its preparation. Luckily, this one was excellent, thick and rich with

crenulations of onion and pieces of melted cheese. My companion, in a rather sombre mood, chose to begin her meal as the Californians do, with a simple green salad. Both lettuce and dressing were good.

FOR THE MAIN course, I followed my host's advice and ordered a steak. Finding myself at a loss among the many described on the menu, I asked Henri's advice. Hearing that I liked garlic, he suggested a Filet Café de Paris, with a garlic and parsley sauce. It would indeed be difficult for me to find fault with anything covered with such a sauce, but the file itself was tender, juicy and tasty. There was not a fault to be found.

But the piece de resistance was the brochettes ordered by my companion. The meat was grilled on a skewer like shishlik, but there all resemblance to the usual local product ended. The large, juicy medallions of beef were interspersed with slices of onion and green pepper.

In the tradition of Northwestern Europe, the meat was accompanied by a large platter piled high with pommes frites, perfect and crisp. A more regional note was the bowl of tartar sauce that came alongside the fried potatoes. To finish our meal, we both had a fresh fruit salad, consisting of a generous selection of all the fruits in season. Because of the lateness of the hour, we had no time to try the coffee.

The bill for four, including a bottle of very pleasant red wine and a couple of bottles of soda, came to IL360. This averages out to IL180 per couple. H.L.S.

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Israel Theatres
The Cameri Theatre
Theatre in Summer recess subscription for the 1977 theatre season has started. The repertoire for September will include:
Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT
240 STORY
by Edward Albee
THE MURDER OF FIBERBOT
by Evan Rael
SEVEN IN ONE BLOW
a children's comedy
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Habima
SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY
Tomorrow, July 9:
Tue, July 10
Wed, July 11: Thur, July 14
THE MILKY WAY
Tomorrow, July 8:
Tue, July 12
THE GOOD WOMAN OF SEZU
in Haifa: Sun, July 10; Mon, July 11
Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre
ALL MY SONS
Tomorrow, July 8:
Sun, July 10: Tel Aviv
THE TAKING OF THE SHAW
Jerusalem Theatre
Tomorrow, July 8:
Sun, July 10
EQUUS
Final Performance
Mon, July 11: Tel Aviv
THERWISSE ENGAGED
Mon, July 11
Jerusalem Theatre

MARY POPPINS
with Best Actress Julie Andrews
also starring: Dick Van Dyke, David Tomlinson, Glynnis Johns
Shortly in Tel Aviv!!

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ESTHER BORER
Open Sun., 11 a.m.-1 p.m.; Mon.-Thur., 4-7 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 11 a.m.-2 p.m.

The Israel National Opera
T.A. 1 Alshon Rd., Tel. 03-57237
T.A. 87 DIR BAJADERE
T.A. 107 DON GIOVANNI
T.A. 127 LA BOHEME

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pudyo haifa cinematheque
92, Sderot Harass, Haifa, Israel, Tel. 04-2429
Saturday, July 9
THE WIZARD OF OZ 5.00 p.m.
8 STEPS TO FREEDOM 7.00 p.m.
SIDDHARTHA 8.30 p.m.
Sunday, July 10
THE POLICEMAN 8.30 p.m.
Monday, July 11
SUGARHOUSE 7.00 p.m.
SURREALISM IN THE CINEMA 8.30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 12
SIDDHARTHA 7.00 p.m.
8 STEPS TO FREEDOM 8.30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 13
LE MAFRIN 7.00 p.m.
SLAUGHTERHOUSE 5 8.30 p.m.
Thursday, July 14
SWEET TO ARMS 8.30 p.m.
THE KILLERS midnight

pudyo israel film archive - jerusalem
8.7, 2.00 p.m.: Experimental films - West Coast School: Gunnar Nelson, Ron Halberg, and others
8.7, 2.30 p.m.: Ingmar Bergman
9.30 p.m.: to Notti di Calabria
10.7, Federico Fellini
Homage to Jean Crawford
Grand Hotel - with: Joan Crawford
Johnny Guiler
11.7, 7.00 p.m.: The Adventurer, The Vagabond, The Pawshop
9.30 p.m.: Band a Part
13.7, 4.30 p.m.: Huckleberry Finn - Children's film
7.00 p.m.: The Pilgrim
A Day's Life
The Cure - Chaplin
9.30 p.m.: Le Ropos du Guerrier - Roger Vadim
Screenings: M. Shaver Auditorium, Bat Agmon, 37 Rehov Halihi

pudyo israel film archive - jerusalem

pudyo israel film archive - jerusalem

pudyo israel film archive - jerusalem

pudyo israel film archive - jerusalem

هكذا في الأصل

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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BETTER RESULTS

הלוח הכפול

הלוח הכפול

ידיעות אחרונות

ידיעות אחרונות

IN COOPERATION WITH

THE JERUSALEM POST

BIGGEST,
MORE WIDELY READ,
MORE EFFICIENT.

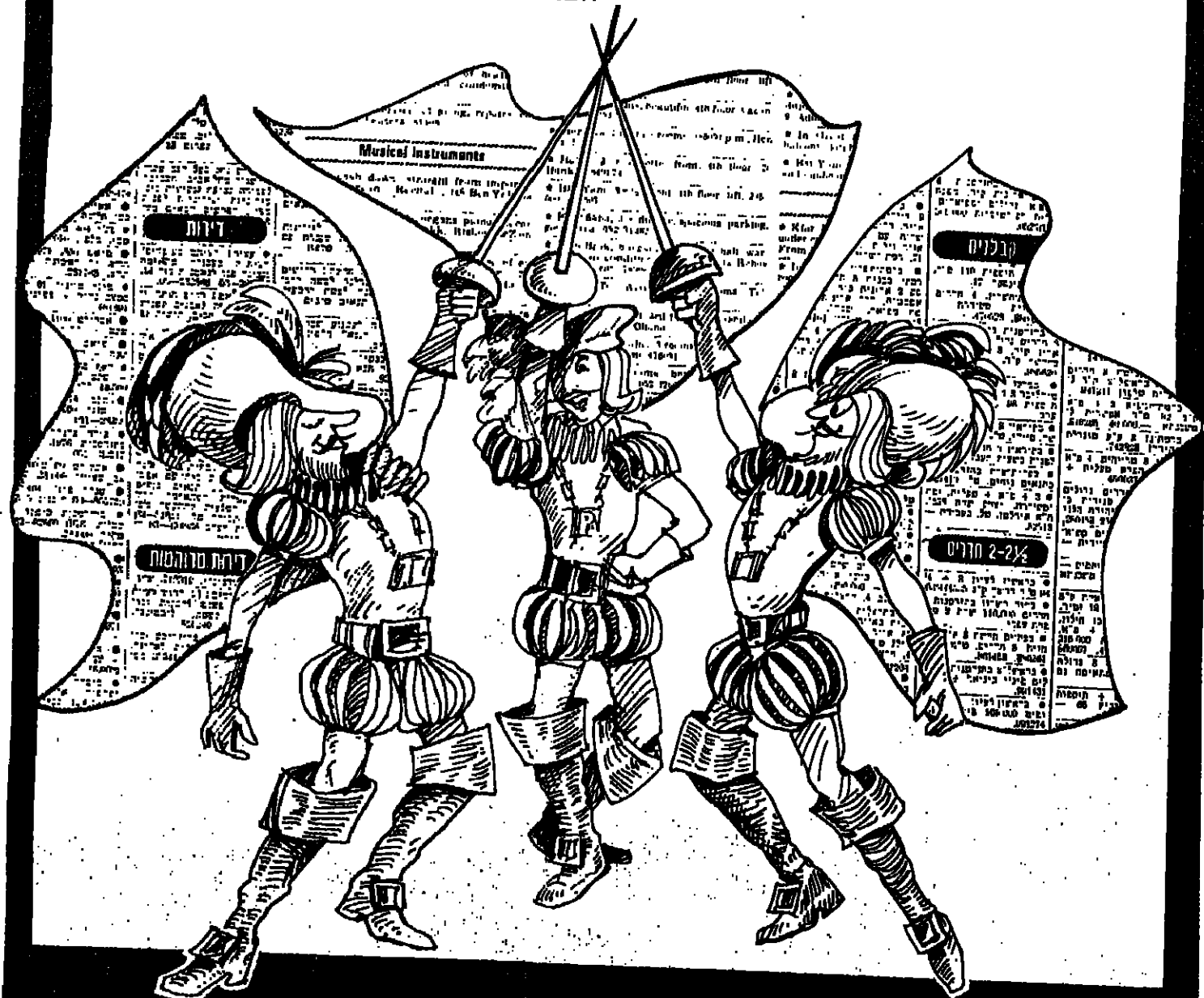
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THE JERUSALEM POST

BIGGEST,
MORE WIDELY READ,
MORE EFFICIENT.

Classified advertisements for publication on Friday in Hebrew and English can be handed in any day to any approved advertising agency or directly to an office of Haluah Hakaful, so as to reach the main office of Haluah Hakaful by the Wednesday evening preceding publication.

All advertisements so handed in will be translated into English and will appear on Friday in The Jerusalem Post, in addition to publication in Yediot Aharonot and Haaretz!!



THE MIGHTY COMBINATION

FILMS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page C)

FANTASIA — Brilliant, delightful drama like Walt Disney classic. Recommended for the whole family.

FELINI'S CASANOVA — Top-heavy film monument to Fellini's flamboyant genius. Donald Sutherland as Casanova flexing his genital muscles while Fellini beats his creative breast in pan-sexual, multi-sensual saturation orgyrama of 18th century Europe. Anti-erotic, anti-Casanova, dandy and indigestible.

GONE WITH THE WIND — Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

THE GREAT SCOUT & CATHOUS THURSDAY — Ex-frontier scout, Les Manvin and half-breed pal, Oliver Reed, save there \$30,000 from a crooked tycoon and make off with a virtuous prostitute. Fast moving, good-for-a-laugh Western comedy set in 1908.

HERSHELE — New Israeli musical comedy with Mike Buratyn in the title role. Costars Arye Elias and Mandy Rice Davis.

THE INCREDIBLE SARAH — Free portrayal of the early life of famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Lavish settings, well-known cast, and an overpowering Glenda Jackson.

I WILL, I WILL ... FOR NOW — Farced comedy. Mushy. With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton.

KING KONG — Italian producer Dino de Laurentis' \$20 million "new improved" American remake of 1933 King Kong monster spectacle has some spectacular effects but fails to capture the barbaric simplicity of the authentic Kong.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Involved in TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a newscaster, Faye Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duvall, a top network officer.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This one stars real Israelis including some familiar ex-Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous versions.

PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK — Needle Park is the hangout of pushers and addicts, hookers and the hooked. When heroin is in short supply or one of the gang gets killed there's panic in Needle Park. Fine acting by Al Pacino and Kiti Winne, though film drags somewhat.

PEYTON PLACE — 1957 Academy Award winning film based on Grace Metalious' novel about life in a small New England town. Gossip, affairs, plus other ingredients that combine to produce soap opera trivia. Redemptive features are good photography and a strong cast that includes Mark Robins and Lina Turner.

RIFI — The 1964 French film about a gang of Jewish thieves which gave ideas to real thieves at the time. Directed by Jules Dassin.

RIO BRAVO — 1959 Western with John Wayne supplying the action and Dean Jagger the laughs. Also with Ricky Nelson, Angie Dickinson, Claude Akins and other "Westerners."

SAMSON AND DELILAH — (1949) Russel D. Mille spectacular with Victor Mature, Judy Lamarr, George Sanders and others working very hard at acting.

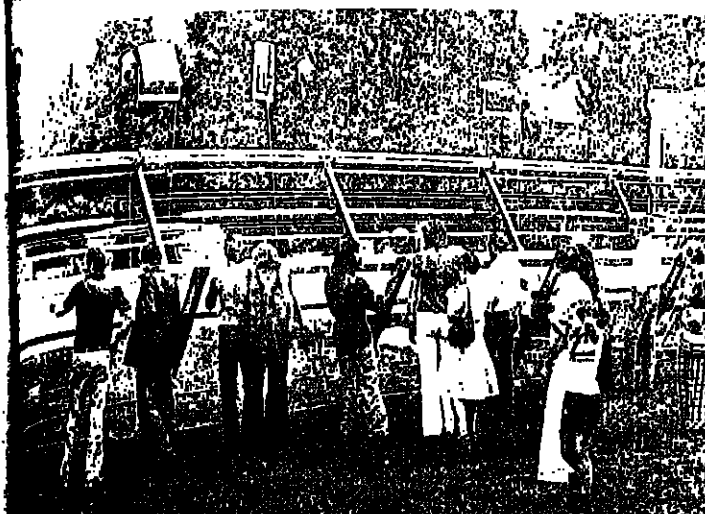
SEVEN BEAUTIES — Lina Wertmüller has created devastating, deathly funny, bawling Brechtian images of man's will to survive in spite of utter degradation. Giancarlo Giannini, Neapolitan rapist murderer rascal, survives German concentration camp by sexual submission to gargantuan camp commandant Shirley Stoler.

THE SEVEN PER-CENT SOLUTION — Dr. Watson lures the cocaine-addicted Sherlock Holmes to Vienna to consult with Dr. Freud. The three gentlemen are soon caught up in the attempted suicide of beautiful Lola Deveraux, resulting in a steam-engine chase across Europe. Amusing rendering of important new facts in lives of these historic figures. Excellent acting.

A STAR IS BORN — Rock version of the Hollywood classic with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson as the superstars.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — Re-issue of Ernst Lubitch's 1943 black comedy about an acting troupe which gets involved in stirring national affairs in wartime Poland. Starring Jack Benny and Carol Lombard. Wit and acting still impact making. A re-issue well worth seeing.

WALKING TALL — Over-violent, but moving film based on the true-life adventures of Sheriff Buford Pusser, who succeeded against all the odds in smashing a crime syndicate in Tennessee's McNairy County. Pusser became a folk-hero. Joe Don Baker, as The Sheriff.

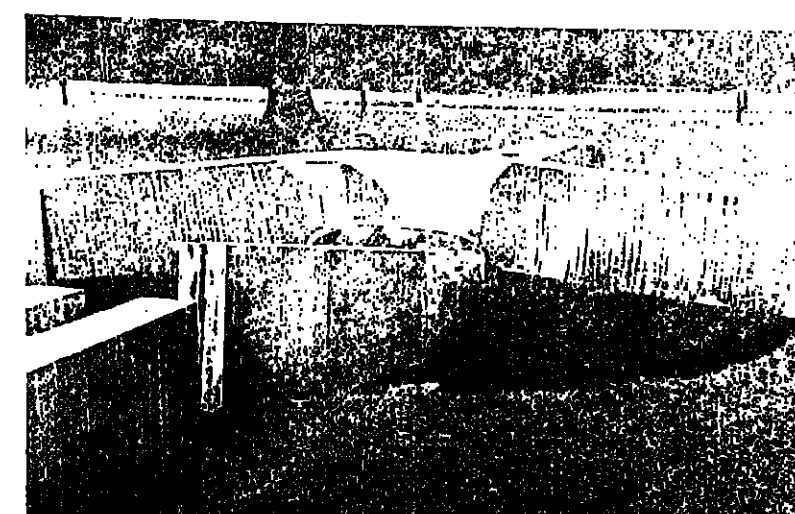
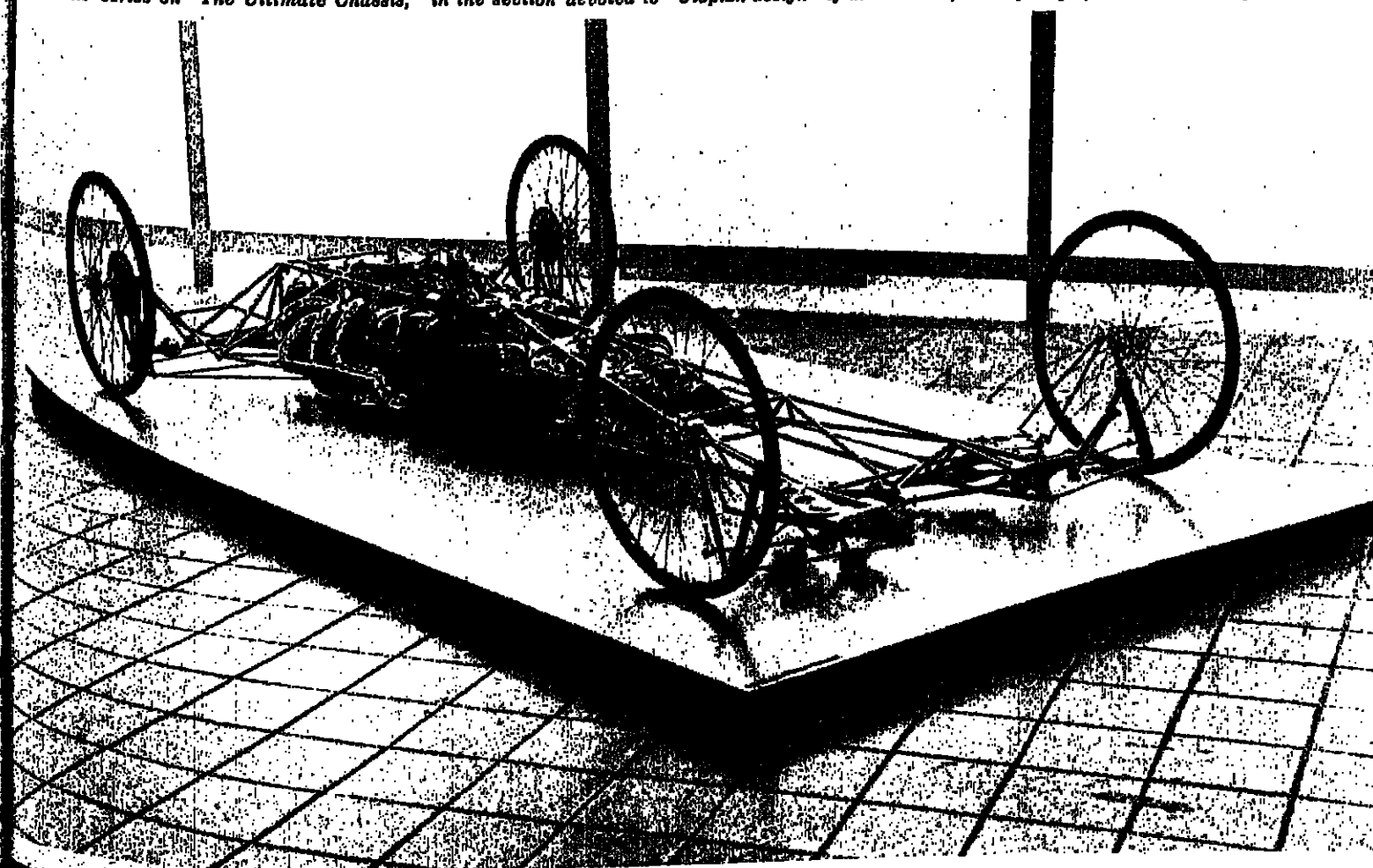


per into M.I.T.'s "Centrebeam" laser and hologram project.

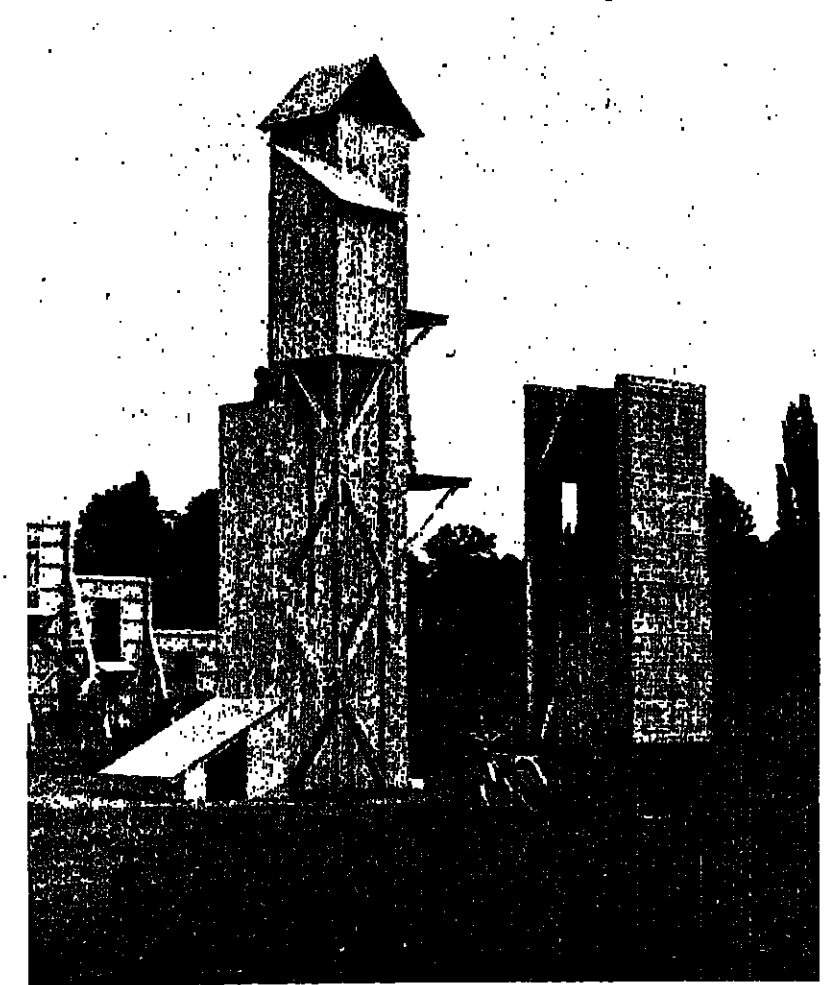


Orangerie seen through Haus-Rucker's "landscape frame."

Don Potts' series on "The Ultimate Chasels," in the section devoted to "Utopian design" of automobiles, some fanciful, some in development.



Nierhoff's stainless steel cross battered to simulate an explosion.



Aycock's "Beginnings of a complex," a reference to a childhood fantasy.

aesthetic sculpture: indeed, "Centrebeam" in harshly utilitarian, yet the audience becomes part of the beautiful images formed in and on it.

Two other works were based on dynamitings, one real, the other simulated. Canadian-born George Trakas of New York built in the park a beautifully simple 224-metre-long narrow steel "bridge" and across the span he constructed a 122-metre wooden bridge. Under the point of intersection, in a copse, he exploded a charge of dynamite. Each bridge reacted differently to the destruction, while the crater and the mud-spattered trees transformed the intersection.

Trakas' work is ineffectually poignant and romantic; the destruction in the sylvan glade is a profound comment on the finite quality of all of man's efforts to build something of lasting beauty, no matter what materials he uses.

Nearby, Germany's Ansgar Nierhoff made a giant cross of two stainless steel beams with mortice-and-tenon sections and "exploded" a charge beneath them. But here the charge was simulated and the crater artificial, though the results looked real enough. The intersecting beams were beaten by hand to simulate damage and the morticed beams were made to "fly" apart. The illusion was complete, but it lacked Trakas' poetry.

Further on, in a five-dunam clearing, surrounded by old elms and larches, New York's Robert Morris, using hundreds of roughly-hewn boulders and stones, created a series of very different but uncannily related groups. At first they seemed something like a combination of Stonehenge and a Japanese rock garden, but the work is essentially non-monumental and non-fetishist. It is ambiguous enough to be read as pure abstraction, yet each rock looks as though it were fashioned by nature and yet set there with a mystic purpose by some lost culture. It seems to have been there forever.

The Morris and the sun sculpture by Dani Karavan, which also evokes echoes of a lost culture, are possibly the only works at Documenta that may remain permanently in Kassel's once-royal park.

Some recent environmental projects, too big to be reconstructed, like Christo's "Running Fence" and Beverly Pepper's huge concentric "amph-sculpture" were recorded in drawings or photographs. A whole room was devoted to one of Takis' magnetic sound sculptures; and there were pieces by such famous names as Serra, Aycock, Nonas and Beuys. Space prevents my enthusing further.

THE PAINTING consisted of recent followers rather than old leaders, though, inexplicably, there were new-old works by de Kooning, Francis Bacon, Roy Lichtenstein and Jasper Johns; and a frightful new, huge, coarsely-painted construction by Frank Stella. The rest, save the East German establishment's *mélange*, was mostly West German minimalism.

Pleasant relief was afforded by Nancy Graves' airy, elegant, calligraphic abstractions. But the followers were essentially commenting on the techniques of the leaders; and in some cases were content to make something just out of texture alone.

It was infinitely more entertaining to take in the vast array of

(Continued overleaf)

ART CIRCUS

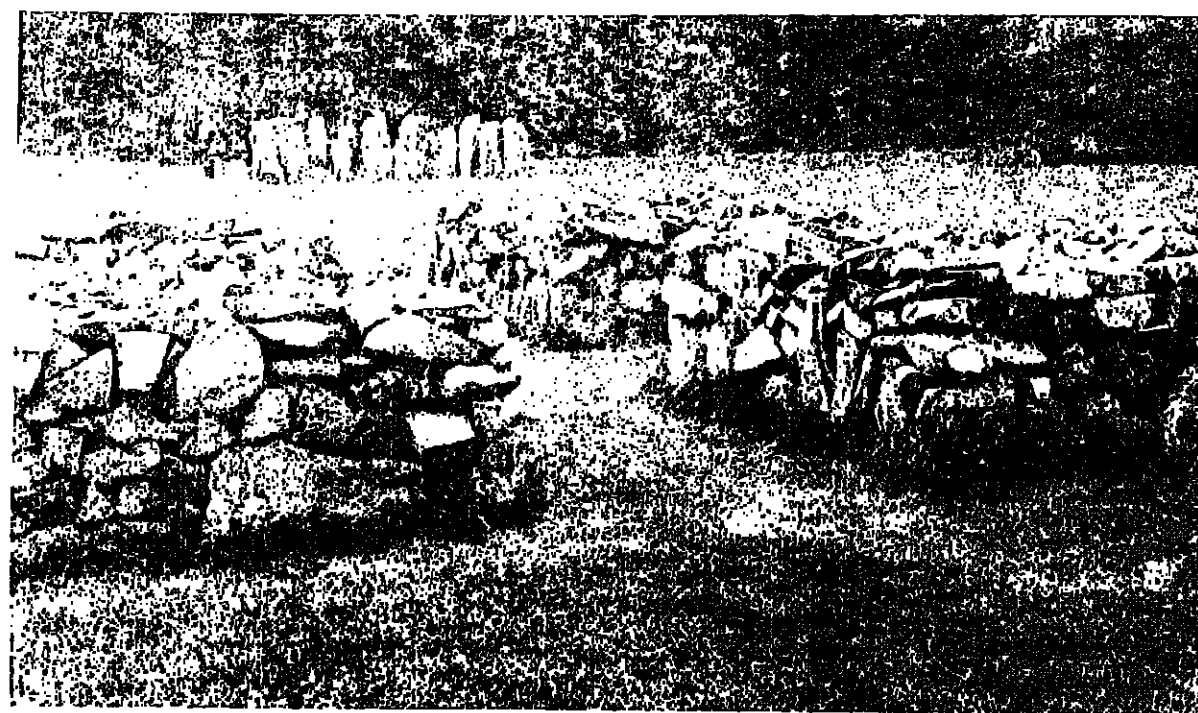
(Continued from previous page)

drawings and mixed media works (drawings made with string, for instance) produced since 1964 and even including some Picasso's that "comment" on classical themes.

In the Orangerie where these *Handzeichnungen* were presented, one could find expressionists, constructivists, conceptualists, minimalists, humorists, romanticists, illustrators, hyper-realists, portraitists, all under one partially-leaking roof. A number of things stick in one's memory: Boto's grotesque Adam and Eve, a marvellously outrageous comment on Leger and Cranach yet quite typically his own; Hockney's portrait of Auden; Agnes Martin's grids; Kelly's torn collages; and Agnes Denes' conceptual pyramids, a marvel of visual reasoning.

At the risk of being labelled a provincial chauvinist, the only things I found missing from this section were the highly original conceptual drawings made several years ago by Benni Efrat and exhibited at the Israel Museum. There is nothing like them at Documenta. Yet they were turned down by the Documenta jury and Efrat was represented only with a film-outrage performance in which the artist took part.

The "metamorphosis of the book" was a section Documenta could have done without, though it was a convenient heading for all those new part-painting, part-sculpture pieces that are based on the seriality of pages or layers of paper or canvas in bound leaf form. There were not more than a handful of works intrinsically



Section of Robert Morris' 'Stonhenge-cum-burial ground environment, which is to remain in Kassel's park.

good enough to otherwise merit display outside of the framework of a defined theme.

There isn't any political art at Documenta, save a recorded harangue by Bouys, but one of the environments in the park is a show of photographic enlargements devoted to the 90-something anniversary of the invention of barbed wire. In a (simulated) barbed-wire enclosure are photos depicting Jews in concentration camps, Arabs in Israeli jails, Russians in German prison-camps, Germans in Russian camps, East Germans trying to escape, detainees in Vietnam, etc. There are no identifying captions. The effect is devastating.

DOCUMENTA IS still out in front of other major art reviews like the Venice Biennale, but it is in danger of being overtaken by both non-events and the great commercial vine which supplies the juice without which no artist can live. The immense Basle Art Fair, held just before Documenta opened, offered much more recent and past painting and graphics (discounting the plethora of cheap junk and the absence of a few avant garde artists) under vastly more pleasant conditions. Only the video and film sections were absent.

THE NON-EVENTS referred to above are the gradual exhaustion of new ideas. I can't help thinking

that instant art history is going to have to slow down for a while. This would help Documenta, for its sin is overkill. It shows too much, in overcrowded conditions. Instead of two or three of the best Hockney drawings and lithographs, there are no less than 11 (and some of indifferent quality).

The Museum of Modern Art's "Drawing Now" show made part of Documenta's point in much less space. The Israel Museum's "The Artist and the Camera" had a clarity and succinctness of presentation that outshone Documenta's current photography review. This suffers from too many over-familiar (I nearly said over-exposed) Na-jar

portraits, 19th century battlefields and 19th century whores, though these may be unfamiliar to German youth.

On the other hand, if the Documenta committee had had the courage to confine this year's presentation just to say, environment, photography, film and video, it could have treated all these subjects in depth and allowed the visitor to study all the showings in comfort.

Perhaps the committee felt that only another mammoth show of very varied parts would continue to draw an international audience all the way to Kassel, a quiet town without a commercial airport. Perhaps it was afraid to present very much less than Documenta, which, despite its real scope, was nearly buried in trivia. There is less trivia at Documenta 6, but also a great measure of mediocrity.

If Documenta does continue to attempt to show a bit of everything that is going on, it will have to find a better way of presenting it to an often weary, sometimes bewildered audience. Not even the toughest young student can drag the heavy catalogue around with him. Not all the visitors can read German. Documenta offers almost no seats and fewer printed explanations. It doesn't have a central site for the presentation of happenings and performances; and it schedules too many. Though the government of Hesse spent millions on the show, Documenta doesn't have enough guards to protect the exhibits, or even to stop children sticking their fingers into Haraguchi's oil bath and wiping them on the walls.

(A report on Israel's exhibiting at Documenta will appear in next week's Magazine.)

Round the galleries

TOM PIPER is a master printer who has been teaching at the Burstyn Graphic Centre in Jerusalem for the past six months. His current show is his swan song before his return to England and consists of lithographs and etchings made over the last decade. Needless to say, Piper is in complete control of both mediums and is particularly skilled at combining drawn forms with photographed images. He works in a variety of styles, from expressionist social comment to architectural forms bounding mysterious detail; and cleverly shows how the simple subject of the motor car can be utilised in completely different ways, even when sticking to exactly the same basic image. Many of the works are executed on seemingly conceived in monochrome, though complementary reds and greens are used to great effect in a recent expressionist piece ('The Little Gallery, Salmon 27, Jerusalem).

ESTHER SHORR reminds us that the movements of the conductor of an orchestra have no organised written tradition (until Noa Bashkol's pioneering work, this was also true of choreography) and she has set out to research them and set down drawn and photographed visual-parallels. But in attempting to give the results an aesthetic visual value, she has fallen between the two stools of science and art, a common pitfall for conceptualists. Shorr also

transposes (using photo-montage) gymnastic movements of the body unrelated to conducting and compares the conductor's deliberate movements with the instinctive flapping of avian wings, even introducing a real bird into the photographic documentation of her parallels. All this smacks of pretentious gimmickry, except when she sticks to the original idea and simply charts the beats. These charts have all been drawn in pencil directly on the gallery wall and have an effective graphic quality; seen together, they make a mural which can be enjoyed without any consideration of what they are supposed to mean. Some of these charts have been superimposed on the photomontage while another has been translated into a suspended metal object which is neither sculpture nor science. Shorr has just been awarded an America-Israel Cultural Foundation scholarship to pursue her latest ideas. One hopes she will become reconciled to the fact that one discipline does not necessarily need another to justify its existence; and that such must be explored in depth (Bertha Urdang Gallery, Bialik Beit Hakorem).

MEIR RONNEN HENRY SHLEZNYAK is in a terrible hurry to travel short distances. His current exhibit shows him going in three different directions — only one of which, I feel, is properly routed.

Of the narrower field, video



Tom Piper: composition (Little Gallery, Jerusalem).

stills culled from wartime flicks, complete with Hebrew subtitles, are mounted as a "Homage to J. Bruce Nauman" (the American environmental and video artist) and engraved with the following statement: "The true artist helps the world by revealing mystic truths." A conscientious credo but rather pretentious considering its context and present application.

Shleznyak hits back meekly at critics and curators without getting to the heart of the matter by reprinting their articles and reviews in the form of a collage element as part of obvious and unaffected compositions. His third grouping is an elegant set of black and lead coloured glazed paintings also tinged with rectangular collage sheets. Within the deep greys and ebons he renders a

hazy reconstruction of an historically important painting and unobtrusively sets them smack in the central portion of the composition. These particular canvases contain built up surfaces in which nuance and delicacy set them apart from the rest of the exhibit (Gallery M. Russ, Gordon 19, Tel Aviv).

AS HIS second offering, Yair Garbus, the newly appointed director of the Tevta Gallery, has chosen pure drawings and mixed media works from four "New Faces" all of whom emulate the schools of Aviva Uri, Rafi Lavi and, not so surprisingly, Yair Garbus. Yet, there is a fresh adolescent vibrancy in their abstractions or expressionistic pictures. HEDVA ILANI's non-structural

quiggles and scribbles behave much like charged particles injected into linear organisms, while AYAH FELDMAN doodles with stylised floating aircraft meandering in wide open spaces. The linear colour studies of dogs and their masters by TAMAR ESHEL are silhouetted, carved, wrapped and veiled in tracing paper. She tends to describe the animal's activity more than its physiognomy by using a Garbus technique of tracer lines, gross gestures and cinematic arrangement of forms. SHIRLEY GOLDSTEIN comes across as the keenest experimenter as she resorts to loosely-hung fabric surfaces collaged with stapled, taped and glued newspaper, white bond and rags. Her approach is anti-art in its formal sense. She is a non-conformist and sees her art as a projection of a feeling for things at hand ('Tevta Gallery, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv) Till July 19.

CHAVA PRESSBERGER's thickly painted abstract canvases border on overall textured reliefs in the realm of sprayed concrete. By adhering lengths of cord and yarn to the surface, the compositions are divided into major sections and minor shapes of a static nature. This method, coupled with a conservative monochromatic palette, engenders a reticent, almost depressing atmosphere. Her large oil and smaller prints have been inspired by Samuel Beckett (typed extracts accompany the canvases), but there is slight mystery and little pursuit of the problems concerning contemporary art (Chernomsky Gallery, 36 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

GIL GOLDFINE

The Mrs. Blau complex



Author Abramov addressing the last Knesset during a debate. (Photo: Yehon)

PERPETUAL DILEMMA: Jewish Religion in the Jewish State by S. Zalman Abramov. Teaneck, N.J., Fairleigh Dickinson University Presses and the World Union for Progressive Judaism. 459 pp. \$15.00

Geoffrey Wigoder

the forerunner of the economic pressures still exerted by the Rabbinate (e.g. on hotels).

To this day, the ultra-Orthodox are the tall that wags the dog (giving rise to the "Mrs. Blau complex," whereby Mafdal always has to look over its shoulder at Agudat Israel, Agudat Israel at Neturei Karta, Neturei Karta at Rabbi Blau, and Rabbi Blau at Mrs. Blau — who is thus the ultimate arbiter).

Another pattern already discernible in the 19th century was that the Sephardi rabbinate was far less rigid and unbending than the

Ashkenazi. Religious fanaticism is an Ashkenazi contribution to Judaism and to the Yishuv.

A further early pointer is the assistance given by Herzl to the fledgling Mizrachi organization immediately after its foundation. This was not out of ideological identification but to counteract the Democratic Fraction, which was opposing his policies. Here we see the seed of the policy of making concessions to the religious parties in return for their support on secular issues.

The institutionalized opposition of the Reform movement to Zionism in the formative period of the movement also had a profound influence on later developments. The religious field in Eretz Yisrael was left entirely in the hands of the Orthodox, who systematically entrenched their monopoly. By the time Reform had become Zionist and moved to establish congregations in Israel, it found itself opposed by the

monolithic religious establishment, popular outcry, whereas the Much of the religious pattern of the country was laid down by the British. In their desire to downgrade the nationalist because these rabbis are not character of the Yishuv and stress this has had little effect on the official rabbinate.

Under the Mandate, Orthodoxy became the established religion for the Jews, with the Rabbinical Council as its sole authority.

SINCE THE STATE came into being, a major objective of the religious parties has been to extend the jurisdiction of rabbinical courts. Mr. Abramov, a lawyer and long a leading figure on the Knesset's Law and Constitution Committee, knows the issues inside out and traces the various controversies that have divided the country — divorce, agunot, mamzerim, Sabbath observance, Who is a Jew?, Who is a convert?, Bene Israel, Karaites, identity cards, etc.

A fundamental supposition is that the Knesset may not amend Halacha. The immutability of traditional Jewish law is accepted even by the majority of the non-Orthodox legislators, who fear a rift in national unity should laws (especially concerning family status) be adopted in direct contradiction to the Halacha. Moreover, Judaism is so complex that a complete separation from tradition is impossible (e.g., the nature of Sabbaths and festivals). Sometimes compromises have been forthcoming from the more moderate Orthodox, as in Dr. Wahrhaftig's statement, "We do not wish to interfere in the private domain of the individual. The Almighty will deal with him." Sometimes compromises have led to the completely ridiculous, such as the permission given by the Rabbinate to the Orthodox clerk in the Foreign Ministry to decode urgent messages on the Sabbath — provided he wrote them with his left hand and in non-Hebrew script.

There is a total absence of dialogue between the public and the Rabbinate, whose pronouncements are unilateral and *ex cathedra*. Its decisions are not to be discussed and ethical considerations are not to be invoked. Hence the growing estrangement from the Rabbinate and revulsion at some of its decisions. There is even a growing gap between the Mafdal and the Rabbinate as the latter is deaf to

of the Jewish Agency Executive during 1948-49, and as such a founder of the Amidor Housing Corporation. He was also world chairman of the Keren Hayesod-United Israel Appeal for 10 years, until 1971. In addition, he was a founder of the World Confederation of General (now United) Zionists, and president of the American Jewish Congress, as well as chairman of the Western Hemisphere Executive of the World Jewish Congress.

ON SEVERAL occasions Israel Goldstein, often accompanied by his wife, Bert, herself a national women's leader, made round-the-world journeys in order to visit small, isolated Jewish communities in the most improbable places. These included the Atlas mountains in Morocco, and the Falasha village in the Gondar region of Ethiopia.

One such visit, in the early 1970s, was prompted by a conversation with Ted Lurie, late editor of the *Jerusalem Post*, who told Goldstein of having met some Jews in Sourabaya, Indonesia, during an International Press Institute conference. It was a moving experience for Goldstein (as for Lurie) to meet the survivors of a once great Dutch Jewish *kehilla*.

Goldstein's encounters have not been limited to Jewish communities. He has been received by the Pope, the Shah of Iran, President Rajendra Prasad of India, Pandit Nehru, Indira Gandhi (before she became premier), U Nu of Burma, Prince Mikasa of Japan, and a host of others. A *Life of Mission* is the story of a man who brought Jewish pride and concern for his co-religionists to the attention of the world's personalities, and spared no effort to further his people's welfare. Far from retired at 81, Israel Goldstein is still active publicly in Jerusalem — where the Municipality recently added the title of Worthy Citizen to his many academic and public honours and awards. He is absorbed in a number of literary projects of his own. In due course, they will contribute to the written history of his times, which he helped to mould.

Travelling man

HAJM SHIEL SHLIMUT 75 מ"מ *A LIFE OF MISSION: A Biography of Dr. Israel Goldstein* by Aaron Alperin. Translated into Hebrew from the Yiddish; edited and updated by S. Sheharyah. Jerusalem, Rubin Mass. 380 pp. + Index. No price stated.

Julian Meltzer

have daunted lesser folk. They included the presidency of the Jewish National Fund in the U.S. and of the Jewish Arbitration Board, in addition to a variety of positions in New York municipal and Washington government committees. He was also active in the American Liberal Party.

HIS TRAVELS began in earnest in 1945, after he was elected president of the Zionist Organization of America. He went to wartime

London to sound out the views of British Cabinet members on the "Biltmore Programme" of May, 1942, calling for a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine. Needless to say, he had to contend with evasiveness and ambiguity. After VE-Day in May, 1945, Goldstein was the first Jewish American civilian to enter vanquished Germany, bringing hope and comfort to thousands of Jewish displaced persons. He met many of them subsequently in Palestine and Israel.

Late in 1945 he originated the idea of Brandeis University, and played the leading part in its establishment. The foremost Jewish institution of higher education in the States, it has since opened its halls to all creeds and colours.

Israel Goldstein took part in most of the postwar conclaves, conferences and consultations which led up to the creation of the State of Israel. He was treasurer

THIS BEST authors of children's books — and perhaps even all the good ones — don't write for children but for themselves. Artfully it's obvious: all genuine artists create to satisfy their own, not their audience's, needs. However, in the case of children's authors, some further explanation may be necessary. "I rather suspect," says E.B. White, "that it is a great help if one has managed never really to grow up."

The question of why they write or draw for children comes up directly or indirectly in every one of the interviews with 24 contemporary children's authors and illustrators, collected under the title, *The Pied Piper*, by Justin Wintle and Emma Fisher (Paddington Press, 320 pp., \$4.95). Some of them are quite categorical about it. Maurice Sendak, for instance, announces: "I'm describing my own mind. I don't know children's minds. I have no training... I only know my mind and how it works, more or less."

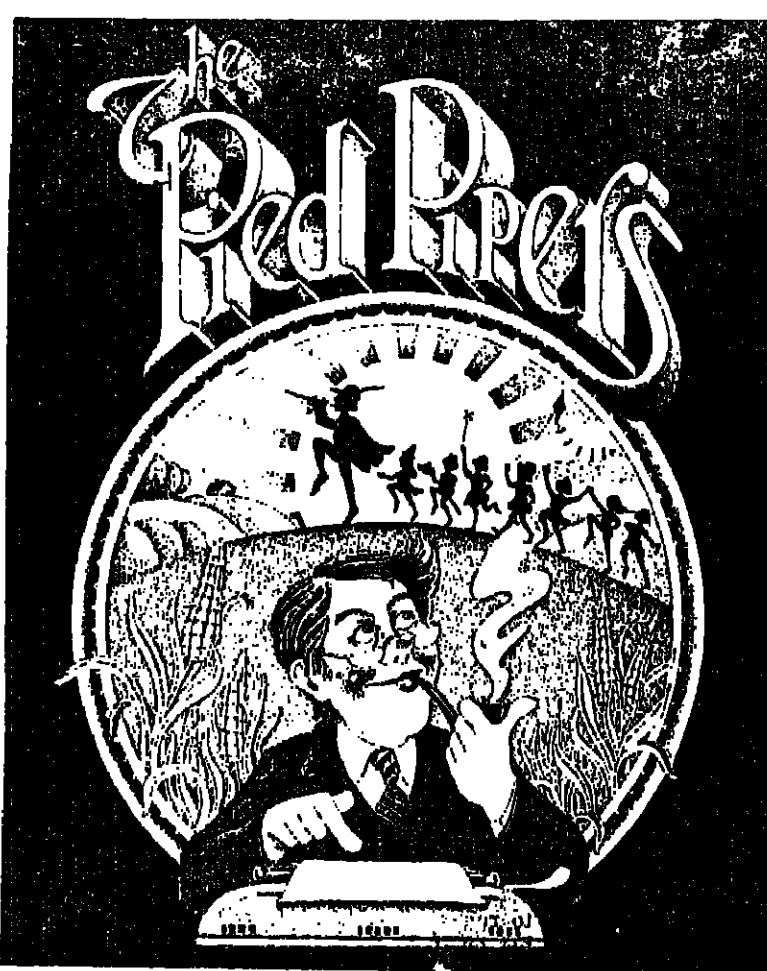
This is taken even further by children's playwright Nicholas Stuart Gray, who protests, "I'm not the slightest bit interested in children. I don't like them — or at least a lot of them. It was just that if the theatre is going to exist, where are you going to start?"

One tends to take this with a grain of salt, since Mr. Gray is a serious and utterly committed writer who only two pages further on contradicts himself cheerfully when the interviewer, in hot pursuit, asks: "So in a way your children's plays are a sort of preparation for adult theatre?" His answer: "It's to give the children a sense of magic. Nobody attends to this enough. They give them too much realism. They can see it all on the box... But they're not being given a world to escape into, no fantasy... Children must have an escape line somewhere."

This is a fascinating book for people interested in children's literature or in the writer's craft generally. Its merit is in no small measure due to the interviewers, who, sometimes provocatively, force their subjects to go where they want them to. They are good as editors, too, judging by what they have not edited out.

NURIT ZARHI is, I believe, one of the few Israeli children's authors who would pass the test question, "Whom do you write for?" The title

Children's books



Miriam Arad

of her new collection of poems, *Hanamer Shemliahut* (Lamita, 1978, 100 pp., \$4.95) is *The Tiger Under the Bed*; Masada; drawings by Avner Katz, 44 pp.) describes her work perfectly. She writes of the imaginary world that, like the tiger under a child's bed, is more real, more there, than physical reality ever is. I think she would agree with one of the "pipers," Lloyd Alexander, that using the device of an imaginary world allows one to deal with the central issues, that fantasy is a way of understanding reality.

Granted that Miss Zarhi writes "for herself," what makes her a children's poet isn't so much fantasy — which isn't a children's preserve, anyhow — as the way she frames her grown-up thoughts

a guess that Orlev, who has written some fine adult fiction, invented this story for one of his own brood and, when it worked, thought he might as well write it up. It just may work for some other kids as well, but I wouldn't bet on it.

AND SO to folktales, which are told for no purpose at all: Gevli's *Hasahavim* (1978, 100 pp., \$4.95) translated by Shlomo Nitzan (The Golden Cup; Am Oved, drawings by Ya'acov Kimhi, 88 pp.). They do sometimes have a moral, though, such as that the aged are not as expendable as the young may think, and that men had better obey their own generous hunches and not listen to their grasping wives. The book market is swamped with fairy and folktales — no copyright, huh? — but this collection is rather better than the average slapdash affair, being happily chosen and very well retold. Fifty they had to give it such an off-putting cover.

Like many children's illustrators before her, Ora Eitan has gone over to producing a book of her own. *Hakelev Nofet* (1978, 100 pp., \$4.95) is a small, black-and-white-and-orange picture book about a spotted dog who lost one of his spots and went to beg or borrow one from — a ladybird, a flower, a mushroom, a starry sky. The result is a simple, humorous and charming polka-dotted booklet for the very young.

Some people talk down to children, and some do what may be as bad — make up to them. *Keshe'ima Ha'ya* (Ketana, 1978, 100 pp., \$4.95) by Hagit Ben-Zimran (When Mummy Was Little; Dvir, drawings by Tami Bezalet, 47 pp.) bends over backwards to get a child's eye view of the world, and it's one where grown-ups aren't much good. It has a child saying things like: "Daddy buys a car like Ronit's daddy has, and Mummy wants curtains like Rina's, so why are they mad when I want a doll like Yemima's and tell me I always want what others have? Or: When I make a picture and show Mummy, she always says 'how nice' but she doesn't really look at it."

Which is all very well. But doesn't it rather belong in a "how to relate to your child" or something book for parents? And isn't it, after all, not even a child's

but an adult's eye view of what a child might think if it were an adult? As a parent, I'm getting a bit fed up with books of any kind in which parents are invariably put in the wrong — and by a parent pretending to be a child, yet.

NOTHING IS AS fashionable nowadays as the old-fashioned. *Racketty-Packetty House* by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Evans; illustrated by Holly Johnson; 83 pp., \$2.95) was first published in 1906. It's the story of two dolls' houses: one new and fancy, inhabited by haughty, aristocratic and bored dolls, the other old and ragged and populated by kind, gay and happy dolls. The pictures, ever so old-fashioned, will probably be adored by modern girls of 7-8, even if they're puzzled by the warning that fairies will "never call or leave their cards at a dolls' house where the dolls are proud or bad-tempered."

If asked to write a composition on *Why I Love Israel* (Good Times Publishing Co.; illustrated with children's drawings, 49 pp., 118), many 12-14-year-olds would see it as an invitation to gush, and spout the most awful parrot tripe about loving our soldiers, and this being the best, bravest, most beautiful country in the whole world. Thank heaven, though, the obvious answer that occurred to quite a few of the kids whose views are recorded here was: I love it because I was born here. And, as one scintilla sixth-grader added, "I guess almost everybody feels the same about his own country."

The child who wrote that spent some time in Switzerland, which is no doubt why she said: "Israel is a beautiful country. When it is clean it is still more beautiful." In fact, it's noticeable that immigrant children and sabras who have been abroad think deeper about their reasons for loving Israel and have a more genuine sense of belonging than the ones who know nothing else. One Russian immigrant girl, bless her, even proclaimed boldly that the parks and museums in Russia are "more beautiful than what we have in our country."

Among the reasons offered for loving Israel, in case you wondered, are the climate ("we have a long summer, so we can spend a long time at the sea"), our ethnic variety, Entebbe, Tel Aviv Maccabi, "it's democratic," and "the birds always sing." □

Trevor's bad boy

THE CHILDREN OF DYNMOUTH by William Trevor. London, The Bodley Head, 222 pp., £3.50.

THE BALLROOM OF ROMANCE AND OTHER STORIES by William Trevor. London, Penguin, 134 pp., 76p.

Matthew Nesvicky



Prize-winning author William Trevor

JUST WHY *The Children of Dymmouth* won a Whitbread Prize for the best novel of the year is unclear to me. It is a good story and constantly threatens to become very good, but it never really gets beyond the nice-read-at-the-beach category.

The novel turns on the mysterious machinations of a mad and wicked kid. Now, nasty children are always captivating in literature, homicidal ones most of all, but their appeal is in proportion to how deeply the writer can penetrate their minds. Kids being separate species anyway, the writer who sows bad seeds cuts a double work for himself.

Fifteen-year-old Timothy Gedge of Dymmouth comes equipped with all the standard circumstances of war and wound — a runaway father, a negligent mother, a sexy sister, a poor neighbourhood and an overly rich imagination — but author Trevor doesn't seem to know much more than we do about what makes his little time-bomb tick.

Timothy wants to perform in his upcoming talent show that is held every Easter Saturday in his little resort town on the Dorset coast. He has put together a playlet — in which he recreates scenes of a famous Bluebeard murdering his three wives — and he proposes to play all the parts,

since he is a part-time transvestite. He is also a full-time noodle, and in order to obtain such props as a wedding gown, dress suit, tub and curtains, he turns to blackmail and psychological terror.

So he begins his rounds from house to house, alternately telling jokes and making innuendoes, tugging his forelock and unweaving threats. To his credit, Trevor manipulates the pace and the accretion of spooky detail with considerable finesse.

Unfortunately, his characters lack any depth whatsoever. Either they react in a thunderingly predictable manner, or they burst into speeches they've repressed for 20 years. Secrets are spilled, marriages are destroyed, a minister almost loses his faith, and two other children are driven nearly mad. But the reader, if amused, is hardly ever engaged.

One of the characters suggests towards the end that Timothy Gedge is possessed, but that comes too late and doesn't wash anyway. To claim that the dybbuk made him do it is to escape into metaphor rather than reveal motive. The result is an entertaining which is effective only so long as you grip the book, and you

grip the book more than it grips you.

EACH OF the short stories in Trevor's *The Ballroom of Romance* is, well, pretty good, if that isn't too damning a phrase. But none of them is really good. Generally, the stories are too long and remind us of other, better works by other writers. Why Trevor, a prize-winning member of the Irish Academy of Letters and the author of 10 books, should seem like such a novice at this stage, is beyond comprehension.

"Access to the Children," for example, is a perfectly predictable tale of a dissolute daddy who would like very much to have his ex-wife and daughters back again. It has pathos and some convincing detail, but the flatness of the style and structure prevents the story from "breathing."

The best thing it did was to send me back to Scott Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited," a superb piece similar in subject and theme to Trevor's, but vastly superior in execution.

The title story refers to an ironically named dance hall in a small Irish town, where the local variety of life's losers meet every Saturday night to fox-trot and two-step and generally enlarge each other's miseries. The men won't marry and the women won't play, and maybe the Americans will open a new factory to revitalize the area, but don't bet on it. If Trevor is giving us the Emerald Isle in microcosm, all we can say is, well, yes, but jump back a generation to Joyce and you'll find 15 finer variations on the same theme in *Dubliners*.

All this notwithstanding, "A Happy Family" and "The Mark-2 Wife" are both effective evocations of mental breakdown; and "A Choice of Butchers" is truly moving. But even the latter makes its point with a sledgehammer. One can't help remembering how well Frank O'Connor handled a similar story of a boy becoming disillusioned with his father. □

The missing girl

HER MOTHERS by E.M. Broner. New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 246pp., \$7.95

Lesley Hazleton

"I'm pregnant, mother."
"Have a girl."
"Why?"
"A girl should have a girl."

THIS IS the funny, touching and sad story of Esther Broner's extraordinary novel, a multi-faceted web of associations emanating from a woman's search for her missing daughter. Her search leads her through all the "mothers" of her life, those women who have influenced her mind or her heart. They range from her schoolmates to the "great" of American culture and literature, from the Old Testament matriarchs (Old Testicle in Broner's version) to her own daughter. The search is an entrancing experience. There is nothing here of the dreary slew of "women's novels"; no heroine in self-indulgent search of herself, dragging the reader through the minor details of her messy life. Broner's narrative is illuminated by a critical intelligence and a touch of humour, two of the

main elements which enable her to turn her feminism into literature instead of confession. It is also blended with historical and literary comment and reportage, placing the fictive world in the real one of fact and experience.

Broner's theme is Virginia Woolf's remark, in *A Room of One's Own*, that "a woman writing thinks back through her mothers." Broner does just that. Her analysis of her "Historical Mothers" — Margaret Fuller, Louisa May Alcott, Emily Dickinson and Charlotte Forten — is written with a piercing compassion. If, like me, you know little about this quartet of well-known American women, Broner provides a touching and revealing depiction of their lives. It is a dark picture:

"Mother, I'm pregnant with a baby girl."
"What is she feeling?"
"Pain."
"That's good preparation."

THE NARRATIVE plays in and out of these short interchanges between mother and daughter, mother and mother-to-be, creating a bitter-sweet commentary to the mainstream of Broner's theme.

One section which will delight or infuriate Israeli readers is

"Foremothers," an uncompromising look at the four matriarchs and at the sexual rivalry, trickery and prostitution by which they gave birth to the Jewish people. It is all there in Genesis, though we prefer to gloss over it, concentrating on the outcome rather than the way in which it was achieved.

By blending her biblical account with talks with Israeli women today, Broner suggests that the means indeed influenced the end, and that modern Israeli women must break with the past if they want to lead their own lives.

"Fathers are always disappointed in us," one Israeli who has done this tells the heroine. "We hear the dreams they have already shed."

The apparent ease with which commentary and narrative, fact and fiction, blend reveals Broner as an excellent craftsman. But she is more than that. She has written one of the few really good novels to arise out of feminist awareness. *Her Mothers* gives new dimensions to the novel, and it gives new dimensions to feminism. Its gentle but firm strength eschews self-pity and anger and uses a quiet, unrelenting determination to conclude with realistic optimism:

"Mother, I'm pregnant with a baby girl."

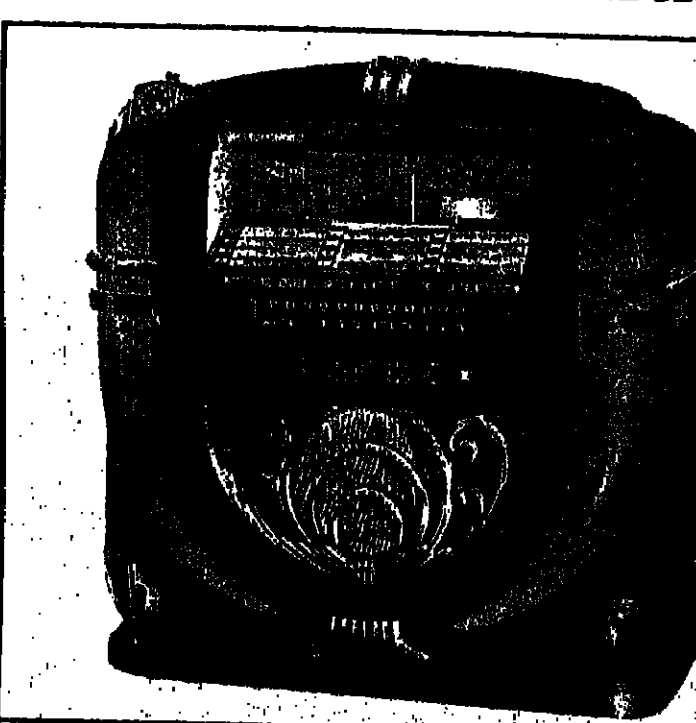
"What is she doing?"

"She is singing."

"Why is she singing?"

"Because she is unafraid." □

Art deco sound



JUKE BOX SATURDAY NIGHT by J. Krivine, London, New English Library, 180pp., £3.95.

A HISTORY of the juke box, one might think, has got to be either a flashy-empty nostalgic celebration or a deadly-serious sociological dissection of the phenomenon. But the text of Mr. Krivine's book is lively and interesting, and the many coloured illustrations, which comprise about half of this album-size book, are fantastic.

The colour reproduction — the book was printed in Italy — captures something of the tacky, Art-Deco hideousness of these weird machines, which once appeared in just about every ice-cream parlour and drugstore, hamburger joint and truck stop in the U.S.

Naturally, there is an element of nostalgia in the book, but it is more in the spirit of Wurlitzer's last juke box — the 1973 attempt to play on America's heavy nostalgia market.

The heyday of the juke box was already over by the early 1960s,

"and as the exciting musical developments of the 1960s unfolded, the coin-operated phonograph stood in the wings." There were still stream-lined machines to be found in cocktail bars and restaurants, but the soda fountains had disappeared, replaced by the "fast food" stores and Muzak-saturated pancake houses that proliferated around the country. And the choice of music on the juke had also become more Muzak-oriented, gradually replacing the juke's main offering: jazz, country music, and "race" music, later rechristened the blues, and rock and roll.

But then, young punks couldn't dominate college eating dens anymore, stoking 50 cents into the machine and playing *Rosie and the Originals*. "Sally Go Round the Roses" seven times in a row.

KRIVINE explores the juke box from its origins in Edison's converted barn, through its development in the enterprising hands of Homer Capehart of Indiana, to the days of big-time manufacturing

by Wurlitzer, Rook-Ola, Seeburg, and smaller companies in the U.S. and England. Krivine went around the States, interviewing former juke box moguls, photographing classics, and collecting other illustrations. His sketch of this microcosm of American business is revealing and well written.

He also captures something of the relic-fetishism of the topic. Designer Paul Fuller's Wurlitzer model 1015 of 1940 is "the best-known and best-loved juke box. The front of the machine was one unbroken arc of moving light. Bubbles arose from four invisible sources at the base and converged at the top of the full arch, while two multi-coloured fluorescent tubes revolved slowly within the two columns bathing the juke box and its immediate surroundings in a soft warm glow, red, now blue, now green."

Several of Krivine's illustrations are taken from "the collection of Bob Reno, the world's foremost juke box freak and the hub of the U.S. collector network." Krivine is obviously a kindred spirit. □

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AS I GET older, despite being able to understand practically every word I see or hear, I don't seem to be able to tell what the hell people are talking about. This disability comes over me especially when I get involved with the media (or, now that the singular and plural forms of this word are thoroughly confused, should it be mediums?).

I even have trouble with *The Post*. Some time ago I read in these columns that the investigation of the murder of Irit Yaacobi was "at a dead end," while this was followed up in short order by Rabbi Levinger's exhortation to his followers to "rent your garments."

Even the advertisers seem to be eager to get into the act. A bookseller some time ago advertised:

Masters & Johnson
Human Sexual Inadequacy
This month at a discount

Another firm then leaped into print to announce that, in addition to their well-known waffle-irons, they were now manufacturing electric blankets.

The imagination boggles. Linguistic pratfalls are to be found everywhere. Outside Kingston-on-Thames Station there used to be a sign which announced: "To the Crematorium. Pedestrians Only." This was probably the work of the same signwriter who adorned Liverpool Street Station with the famous notice: "Way in to Barbershop only: Mind your head."

The writer Arthur Marshall has never forgotten how, in a crowded restaurant, his father would call out, "Waitress! Waitress! We're the two stuffed marrows." Philip Hope-Wallace, the music critic, is still bemused by the answer he got when he asked a tobaccoist for a box of 20 Players during the World War II shortage. "I've nothing but 20 loose Churchmen," he was told. Russell Davis, of *The Observer*, reviewed *The Loves of Lieke*, a heavily-dubbed Hungarian-Soviet film, and was puzzled by the heroine's frequent reference to "your Y-fronts," until he realized she was expressing her desire to be "your wife, Franz."

SOMETIMES THERE is a wilful refusal to accept what is clearly intended. A wayside pulpit outside a Liverpool church used to display a temperance slogan: "It is the child who pays the family."

CLAUDE REGIE'S production of Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* at Habimah is a rare combination of directorial brilliance and sheer nonsense — the outcome of a confrontation between a great play and a talented director's foolish conceit with both the play and the audience losing. Fortunately, the director occasionally lets Molière rear his funny head. The results then are delightful.

Let me make my position clear before I hear any protests: I find nothing wrong with a director taking liberties with a play, any play, even one of the greatest comedies ever written, even when those liberties turn a play inside out, as this one does. What counts are the results, and here the results are utter confusion, a combination of intentional and unintentional hilarity.

The director's concept is based on the tragic role of the play in the life of its author. It was Molière's last play, written at a time when he was seriously ill, wrecked by constant pain; the doctors unable to bring him any relief. The play is a savage attack, in the



"I hopefully did I understand you to say hopefully?"

From The New Yorker.

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

drink bill." This was removed when some was scrawled under it: "Time we adopted a kid, then."

More often than not it's the other way round, an attempt to profit by creating verbal confusion. Donald McGill's comic postcards were based on this principle ("I used to kiss her hand but now it's all over"). A couple of weeks ago an enterprising street trader in York was reported to be doing a roaring trade selling Mexican jumping beans — heavily updated as "Bionic Beans" — to the kids.

Sometimes, I regret to say, the motive is fraud, pure and simple. Last month, a Mr. David Wilkins was committed for trial at Marlborough Street Court, London, after advertising "Cup Final Seats" for £15 in a national newspaper and then sending the applicants small canvas stools with "Cup Final" written on them.

THE PAPERS are full of strange, misleading headlines: "Reading Father Gaoled," "Barking Wife on Charge" or "Policeman Tells of Disarming Gunman."

Sometimes, though, the papers themselves are misled. A Scottish

paper corrects an earlier announcement that a newly married couple are to move in with the groom's father: "They will in fact live at the Old Manse." The *Stourbridge County Express*, too, has to apologize for suggesting that the Misses Smith's contribution to a handicrafts exhibition was not "smoking drugs" but "smocking and rugs."

It's best to let well alone. An attempt to correct an unfortunate reference to a retired military man as "a bottle-scared veteran" has been known to result in "a battle-scared veteran," while trying to undo the damage caused by printing "the Watford detective police force" has produced "the Watford detective police force."

Irish papers frequently live up to their reputation with head-lines like this collector's item from the *Limerick Weekly Echo*: "Man Recovering After Fatal Crash." But even the great, grey *New York Times* is capable of printing headlines which read like an Escher woodcut looks: "Distributors Find Art of Producing Lies in Business."

The *Detroit Free Press* recently

announced "Police Can't Stop Gambling," but they were beaten at this combination of brevity and ambiguity by the *Darbyshire Advertiser's* "Archdeacon Turns Sod."

The smaller the paper, the wilder things can get. A couple of years ago, a Californian local paper, the *Carmichael Courier*, regretted the poor response to the announcement of the town's 3rd annual Miss Carmichael beauty contest. The story was headlined: "Few Have Entered Miss Carmichael."

This sort of thing is probably what inspired the poet Humbert Wolfe to pen the memorable lines: You cannot hope to bribe or twist

Thank God! The British Journalist
But seeing what the man will do
Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

WHAT WE NEED is a Lingua Franca, but we can hardly expect to get it from the media.

Well, for instance, some weeks ago there was reference in *The Guardian* to "an aggressive right wing Labour Party moderate."

Honest! The only explanation is that the papers pick up this infection from the politicians but, as the American author-critic Dwight Macdonald has pointed out, "users of a language must learn it before they can change it: simple illiteracy is not a basis for linguistic evolution."

The former director-general of the Foreign Ministry was forever using the word "parameters" — incorrectly, a bit of technocrap jargon he'd picked up somewhere. Then, after last month's elections, references to less days being lost by strikes and less men being out of work conjure up visions of a troubled midwinter solstice and unemployed circus dwarfs.

Another Radio 4 broadcaster told his audience: "You know, accidents don't happen by chance."

So far, I have managed to weather what Alan Jay Lerner's Professor Higgins referred to as the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue, but I think "ongoing" is going to get the better of me. The BBC has referred to a woman being in an ongoing motherhood situation; even the pages of *The Post* are peppered with the monstrously.

There's only one glimmer of hope. Would death be an offspring situation? □

body of men, but the politicians already distorting its meaning to make it the equivalent of confederates, aides or associates.

The former British prime minister, Mr. Heath, once referred to "those who flout the Act" when he meant "flout," an increasingly common mistake, like saying "refute" when "deny" is meant. I can't help thinking of the famous extract from a lecture by Sir Edward Campbell on Parliamentary procedure: "The first business of the day is Prayers. The Chaplain stands up, with the Speaker next to him. The Chaplain looks at the Members of Parliament, and then he prays for the country."

The word "now" has been replaced in political doubletalk by the clumsy construction "at this moment in time," and practically everything in the wide world is becoming "oriented" — concept-oriented, youth oriented and even Western-oriented. However, Professor Leon Lipson of Yale Law School has pointed out that "this may be only accidental."

NEANDERTHAL MAN seems to have returned now that everyone's keeping "a low profile." It has been explained that only people in public life and the politicians possess this attribute and that it is frequently caused by jargon. A low profile seems to be one of the perks of high office, like an illegal foreign bank account.

Even the BBC has sadly deteriorated. Not long ago a Radio 4 announcer referred to "the next World Olympics," doubtless giving sports-loving sportsmen a much-needed boost. Frequent references to less days being lost by strikes and less men being out of work conjure up visions of a troubled midwinter solstice and unemployed circus dwarfs.

Another Radio 4 broadcaster told his audience: "You know, accidents don't happen by chance."

So far, I have managed to weather what Alan Jay Lerner's Professor Higgins referred to as the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue, but I think "ongoing" is going to get the better of me. The BBC has referred to a woman being in an ongoing motherhood situation; even the pages of *The Post* are peppered with the monstrously.

There's only one glimmer of hope. Would death be an offspring situation? □

FOR A START I'd like to apologize that in these crucial times I'm attending to such trifling matters, but somebody's got to attend to those too. Well then, this trifling matter occurred the other day by the Good Fence, when a delegation of Diaspora notables went up there to be awed and photographed.

Our Diaspora brethren, presidents all, visited the clinic, talked to the Christian warrior of the day, and everyone felt proud and uplifted, till one president asked where was the toilet, please.

The official Foreign Min. guide turned pale. "Um," he said, "er, we'll be returning to Jerusalem soon."

The IDF officer on the spot seemed ill at ease too. He said nothing, just sent the president a look of mute reproach. "Really," said the look, "a grown man, a president, and wants to do pee-pee like a child."

The president was getting rather uncomfortable himself, when his glance fell on a pair of grunged tin sheds, and he started towards them at something of a run. But the officer did run faster and barred his way.

"No," he pleaded, "Don't go in there, mister... please... I... I'll... give you to Metulla if you... only not in there."

Heart-rending scenes like that are fairly usual at the Fence. Heran Good Fences already know that there's nothing like the tin sheds for sheer smell and, with the exception, perhaps, of Turkish steereries, hence the tension and tension noticeable on group visits. The consequences, we may add, are generally taken by the Good Fence itself.

AT THIS POINT I want to apologize again for writing on such a trivial, not to say common subject in a respectable paper, but the fact is that I sort of feel



Ephraim Kishon

professionally involved. In the year 1960, that is, when I was a young and very new kibbutnik, I discovered that the task of "sanitarian," imposed upon every member in turn for three days a year, was a splendid job. You spent half an hour in the morning burning paper, pouring disinfectant down the drain and such, and were free to study Hebrew the rest of the day.

Before long, therefore, I went to the fellow in charge and proclaimed my fervent desire to become the kibbutz sanitarian for life. To be brief, I spent the next few months cleaning out the communal lav, till eventually, when I knew a lot about sanitation, as well as the Hebrew dictionary by heart up to *lamed*, the kibbutz decided to save me from myself and transferred me to the chicken run. To this day, however, I con-

sider myself something of an expert on sanitation, and I apologize again for writing on it at such length. Experts do tend to lose all sense of proportion where their subject is concerned.

THE IDF is our pride and joy, but we're afraid that the joy often stops at the door of the gent's. Not always, mind you: we've seen military camps where the lav is kept as bright and sparkling as the tanks outside.

But we've seen others where the sludge was ankle deep, the pipes were rotted through, the taps dripped, the only sink was clogged, and there was no paper, no soap, no inspection, nothing. The showers in that sort of camp are no better, with dozens of razor blades rusting on the floor, used newspapers all over, and walls bearing detailed descriptions of Tzipora's physical merits, complete with illustrations. And no one cares, and everything's fine, and Mr. Arafat starts feeling a bit better about the prospects for a

conversion are concerned, for example, they are prepared to abide by the procedures laid down by the Israel Rabbinate. Moreover, they are prepared to accept the Rabbinate's demand that only rabbis who are known to be "fully observant" shall be permitted to officiate. At the very least, they are prepared to have the final, official marriage, divorce or conversion procedures conducted, or supervised and countersigned, by "official" rabbis — so long as they themselves are permitted to perform all the rest of the ministry for the people who turn to them in the first instance.

Self-defeating

A VIEW FROM NOB Moshe Kohn

"Conservative" wedding. There is none who enjoys the privilege, which the late Rabbi Melchior and Philipp of Jerusalem's Emet Ve'emuna Congregation enjoyed, of officiating without the supervision and countersignature of an "official" rabbi.

THESE WHO WISH to wage a civil war over the matter, in all of Jewry's religious camps, should be aware that the only victors in such a war would be the external enemies of the Jewish people, or, at least, those within Jewry who are opposed to anything smacking of Jewish religion or of what most of us call "Jewish tradition."

Those who think they see a mass return to Jewish tradition and values had better also take note of the rapid growth of the recently organized Israel Secularist Movement and Public Council for Secular Education in Israel. These groups, which include many educators and other opinion-makers, are not interested in a "better" Rabbinate; in "nicer" religion in any form — Orthodox, Conservative, Reform or Reconstructionist; or even in what some refer to as "Jewish humanism."

Advocating some kind of secular, democratic, Israeli neo-Hebrewism, they wish to see the end of everything that smacks of the traditional Jewish life-style or world-view. Therefore, they are happy to see "Jewishness" and its representatives of all denominations manifest themselves in all their ugliness, so that they may come to be despised and rejected by the mass of "Hebrews," and become an insignificant, dying sect.

But even if Jewry were not under siege by its external enemies and Jewishness were not being attacked by its internal enemies, the war that certain Orthodox circles are waging against each other, and that most of them together are waging against the non-Orthodox denominations, is groundless, pointless, and self-defeating.

IF CERTAIN sectors of non-Orthodox religious Jewry are seeking a political and legal showdown here over the Orthodox politico-religious establishment's refusal to grant them blanket recognition, there is a small but powerful sector of Conservatism and even a number of Reform and Reconstructionist rabbis who are willing to accept recognition that is less than a full transplantation of, say, American-style pluralism. Where marriage, divorce and

secular and democratic state.

WE'RE ALL soldiers here, as they say, so in the civilian sector, too, the public convenience is something one's not supposed to talk about, much less use. It's a regular secret service. All the same, we'd herewith like to suggest to our brand-new Min. of Health that from the days of Pontius Pilate, the people of this region have been entitled to wash their hands. The question is where.

It's a fact that even at the most star-spangled restaurant, your maitre d' will blink incomprehensibly when you ask why there's no towel in the toilet. That, says his look, is the first time in all my 40 years anyone's asked me a silly question like that.

And now, with a last-but-one apology, I'd like to devote a few words to our industry.

WHAT HAPPENED is this: one day last winter a delegation of foreign parliamentarians was invited to tour a large, long-established plant. The visitors saw and admired the social facilities provided, the basketball field, the cafeteria, the library and whatnot, till the biological issue reared its head again, and several M.P.s put the delicate question.

The plant's managing supervisor smiled politely, went to fetch the key, and said: "It's a bit complicated, gentlemen. If you'll follow me, please..."

And the small but tightly-knit group set out. They crossed a number of brightly-lit corridors, a flight of spotless stairs, a well-aired tunnel — and emerged into the factory backyard, where some 30 years' accumulation of junk lay slowly decaying.

There were, among others, one very dead steam-roller, a collection of soggy cartons, old tyres, empty bottles, empty shoes, and all of it crowned with a "Do Not Litter the Premises" sign stuck

deep in the mud. Mud's the word, because this was winter, as I said, and it was raining, and the place was swiftly turning into a sticky bog.

The M.P.s' destination lay over hill and dale at the other end of the yard, and was to be reached by way of a zigzag arrangement of crumbling bricks. The Super lifted his trousers daintily at the knees, and began to lead the way — hop-hop-hop — before the parliamentary delegation, when...

WHEN THE party came to a stop, star-spangled restaurant, your maitre d' will blink incomprehensibly when you ask why there's no towel in the toilet. That, says his look, is the first time in all my 40 years anyone's asked me a silly question like that.

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Furthermore, people who are going to busy themselves disqualifying each other should ask themselves where it leads to. We know what Rabbi Goren and Yosef think of each other; what Agudat Yisrael and Poalei Agudat Yisrael rabbis think of each other; what both the latter groups think of such "Zionist" rabbis as Rabbi Bakshi Doron; what the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the U.S. and Canada and the Rabbinical Council of America think of each other; and what the Neturei Karta rabbis think of all of them together.

SOME WISDOM on the part of those empowered to grant recognition and those seeking it will defuse an unnecessarily charged situation and restore the unity of our badly disunited people at a time when all aspects of our historical covenant are under attack.

Not least of all, it will — ironically — make religious marriage truly possible in Israel for the first time. Today, most rabbis officiating at weddings in this country do so as clerks of the civil authority, and not because the couples know them as their spiritual leaders. Judicious liberalization of the "recognition" system will make it possible for couples to be conducted through their sacred rites by rabbis whom they choose and whom the prospective bride and groom will make it their business to know.

From this, Israeli Jewry and Judaism can only gain. □

Utter confusion

THEATRE

Mendel Kohansky

form of comedy, on the medical profession in the 17th century, when medical practice was little more than quackery and the ignorant doctors' sole friend was their enema.

Molière himself played the part of Argan, the wealthy hypochondriac sucked dry by parasitic doctors and pharmacists. During the 17th performance he suffered a stroke, and died with his costume and make-up still on.

REGIE'S idea of *The Imaginary Invalid* as the personal tragedy of its author files in the face of the play. The original ends with a fake ceremony in which Argan becomes a doctor of medicine (he

is told that the mere donning of the doctor's cap and gown will give him all the knowledge he needs) so that he can treat himself — a climactic ending worthy of Molière's genius. However, Régie makes him die on the stage, thus proving that Argan was really ill, and contradicting all that has gone before.

Habimah's *Imaginary Invalid* is a slow, ponderous, show in which the actors speak in measured cadences reminiscent of a Greek tragedy.

In the centre is Argan (Yehuda Efroni), a tragic figure surrounded by dozens of gleaming white chamber pots, a man obsessed by his stool. Toinette (Dalia Friedland), the pert, mischievous, well-meaning servant, is here another tragic figure, constantly on the verge of tears, investing every slow gesture with deep meaning which is not there,

hinting at a sexual attraction to her master. The fact that the hint is not pursued serves to throw the viewer off balance.

The most tragic figure of them all is Bérarde (Alex Feleg), Argan's brother, an enemy of the medical profession who vainly tries to make Argan see the error of his ways. The famous monologue in which he demonstrates the ignorance and venality of doctors is delivered in apologetic tones by a man who seems to be carrying all of mankind's burdens on his shoulders.

THE FRENCH director is capable of staging marvellously grotesque scenes. His young Diafoirus (Zachi Noy), a nincompoop medical graduate whom Argan chooses for a son-in-law so as to have a doctor in the house, is a character out of a Fellini movie, an obese young man who delivers his flowery speeches crawling on his belly, writhing on a bed, compulsively squeaking the maid's breasts, while his father (Avraham Ronai) cracks his

whip. The director creates an immensely comic effect by making Argan's treacherous wife Béline (Aviva Marks) break into wordless song. But the most all genuinely comical scene is that in which Argan's doctor, Purgon, enraged at his patient's refusing an enema, materialises on the balcony like a wrathful god, and threatens Argan with the direct results.

The décor, by Jacques Le Marquet, is a hospital ward filled with beds, bedpans, chamber pots, toilet seats, all this dominated by a large truncated pyramid at the top of which rests Argan's chair. The solemn manner in which the actors recite the text has its advantage. Natan Alterman's marvellous translation, his mock-serious, highfalutin' prose, never sounded so good.

WHEN THESE words appear in print I shall be in Greece, on a busman's holiday, attending the Athens Festival, taking part in an international symposium on classical theatre. I shall be back in about a month. □

הגדל מן האל

GIFT SHOPPING

AS A CHILD, I used to play an alphabet game which went, "I packed my bag and in it I took an Alligator, a Banana, a Caterpillar, a Diamond, an Elephant, a Football..." The idea was to remember all the words in the list, and add another when your turn came around.

This is about how I feel as our family of five packs to go to the United States for the summer, primarily to visit relatives. I am packing a name-necklace for baby Cousin Jessica, a kitchen tile for Aunt Ravella, a Hebrew alphabet game for Cousins Gary and Karen, earrings for Aunt Dorothy, and so on. I am wondering where we will find space for our own clothing.

For me, shopping for gifts is one of the pleasanter aspects of preparing for a trip abroad. Because so many of my American relatives and friends have been to Israel, it is a challenge to find things that are a little different from the standard souvenirs.

For the first time in my travelling history, I will have quite a number of ceramic pieces in my luggage this trip. It may prove a mistake, but there is one advantage: While worrying whether the ceramics will arrive in one piece, I will have less time to worry how a Jumbo Jet, obviously heavier than air, can remain aloft. (Yes, I am one of the Fear-of-Flying people, and I suspect we are the silent majority.)

I couldn't resist ordering more than a dozen of what makes a distinctive personal gift from Israel — ceramic tiles for front doors or interior decor, made to order with the recipient's name in Hebrew or English or both. I first saw these years ago at Jerusalem Pottery in the Armenian Quarter of the Old City, but the idea has spread to countless ceramists around the country, and quite a number of Tel Aviv shops offer them in various designs. I got mine at a charming new ceramics shop called, Faxit, at 201 Dizengoff Street, where they are only IL55 a piece (IL5 or IL10 less than at most Tel Aviv outlets).

You can order virtually any inscription you want on these tiles, and it takes about a week to have them made. I got tiles reading "Jonnie's room," etc., for my three nephews, "Weiss family," "Sylvia's kitchen," and so forth, including one in Hebrew and English for gentle friends who like Israel.

For safe transport, I had them wrapped in polyethylene bubble sheeting, two or three tiles to a packet. They are small and lightweight. A few would easily fit into a woman's handbag or a flight bag, if you worry about packing them in a suitcase.

The new Faxit shop is owned by a young woman, Esther Riback. She carries a carefully-chosen stock of decorative and utilitarian ceramic ware made by Israeli artisans. Among the most expensive items in the shop are battery-operated ceramic wall clocks.

Mrs. Riback is aware of the problem of lead in glazed ceramics which might be used as food containers. Some of her goods carry a certificate of lead safety from the Israel Standards Institution, and there are certain items which she warns against using for food. Most of her customers for the bulkier objects



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

are Israeli, while the name tiles and other small items appeal to tourists as well.

Faxit's shop hours are slightly erratic because of Mrs. Riback's family responsibilities. She is usually open for business from 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., 4:30 to 7 p.m. daily, and until 2 p.m. Fridays.

IF YOU WANT an easy-to-pack, personalized and more expensive gift for a woman or a girl, I would suggest the first-name necklaces in gold or silver that have become almost a uniform on Israeli women. Obviously, the gift is more "Israeli" if you order the name in Hebrew block lettering or script, but Latin lettering is also available. There are ready-made ones in silver for as little as IL40 or IL50, but I find these rather crudely made, perhaps all right as gifts for children but not for teenagers or adults.

If you want a good made-to-order name necklace, you'll have to pay IL200 or more for gold, and about IL75 for silver. I found several jewellery shops along Allenby Road and Ben Yehuda Street which make these in various style scripts. I happened to like the biblical-style lettering at Lafayette, 80 Ben Yehuda, and ordered one in gold at IL240, one in silver at IL75, plus tax.

There is a particularly good selection of elegant script designs at Topaz, 121 Dizengoff, but the cost is considerably higher — IL85 for gold and IL70 for silver including VAT. This, according to Topaz, is because they are hand cut, while most name necklaces of the others are cut by machine.

Sometimes you can find the name you want in stock, even in

the high quality necklaces, but usually you have to wait a few days at least. No gifts could be easier to pack. You could even wear them yourself.

In any personalized gift order, take care that the name is written down just as you want it, and that the shop understands which designs you have chosen. If a mistake is made, it is very hard to prove that the shop is at fault unless the order form is crystal-clear. So far, I have had good luck with personalized gift orders.

SOME OF MY GIFTS are likely to come from a shop called Orly at 162 Ben Yehuda. Sometimes a gift shop is outstanding for the personality behind it, rather than for the range of merchandise under its roof. I fell into Orly once by chance when I needed an assortment of gifts in a hurry, and I have gone back often, sometimes just to say hello to Mrs. Josephine Cardoso, the proprietress.

Rumanian-born Mrs. Cardoso speaks seven languages and holds a doctorate in law from the Sorbonne. She decided it would be too hard to relearn law here when she came in 1950. So she turned another love — for antiques and objets d'art — into a business. She opened her present shop 15 years ago, when she learned that the Hilton Hotel would be built nearby.

The variety of merchandise is great — perhaps too great for some tastes, as it ranges from mundane souvenirs to rare French antiques. For those who appreciate them, Mrs. Cardoso has a couple of Galile glass vases from a French firm which shut down in 1910, but is remembered by many

antique collectors. One of these vases in her show window is marked at IL25,000 — and it is not for every taste even at a fraction of that price. Also in the collector's-item line, she has a very few original David Roberts lithographs of the Holy Land in the last century.

Personally, I am attracted more to the middle-range merchandise at Orly — the colourful batiks by Tamar Goldreich and Miriam Levy, the delicate enamel paintings by Li-or, the new copper engravings that are copies of David Roberts' style, the stained-glass pictures done by a pupil of Mark Chagall, romantic-style ceramics I have seen nowhere else. All these could make tasteful gifts for friends abroad, or here for that matter.

Orly also carries a smattering of jewellery, Judaica, Persian imports, silver antiques. And if you need some last-minute, low-priced gifts — from key chains to mother-of-pearl crucifixes — Orly has these too. I admit I have not compared prices item for item at Orly and elsewhere. But for convenience shopping in a North Tel Aviv location near major hotels, prices seem fair enough.

Orly's hours are 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 5 to 7 p.m. daily, Fridays till 1:30 p.m. Most credit cards are accepted and a 15 per cent discount is given on travellers cheques. If you have the time to shop leisurely, Mrs. Cardoso will happily explain all her stock, in almost any language you choose. Her able assistant is Greek-born Mrs. Sol Alalouf, who is a bridge teacher in her spare time.

SCATTERED among my suitcases will be half-a-dozen of the ultimate gimmick in tourist souvenirs: "Pure Holy Land Air" — product of Luftgeschicht, P.O.B. 302, Kiryat Gat, Israel. About the size of sardine tins, these sell for IL2.25 plus VAT at the only place I have located them in Tel Aviv — Laufer Gifts at 41 Frishman Street, but I'm told that the Kravitz Chain has them too. Tinned air has reached our tourist market only this year. In England, tourists are offered similar tins of "London Fog." You can look upon it as a sheer waste of money, or as a delightful bit of whimsy.

Laufer Gifts has a wide selection of conventional touristy goods, even the incredibly kitsch green metallic stuff that I would have expected to have disappeared by now. There are much more attractive items too, if you look carefully. I picked out a few of Lapid's ceramic salt and pepper shakers in the shape of kibbutznik heads, nicely boxed and labelled "The Salt of the Land." They sell for IL40 a set.

WHILE I AM not daring enough to carry it abroad, the gorgeous coloured glassware at Lenox, 8 Bugrashov Street near the Tel Aviv sea front, makes an impressive gift at the price for wedding and housewarming here in Israel. You can get large, hand-made plates and bowls for around IL100 apiece — hard to beat on today's market. Light fixtures from the same glass are also sold there. □

MARTHA MEISELIS



Call it cacik

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

IN MY YOUTH, I firmly believed sour cream to be one of the basic ingredients of Jewish cooking.

It was eaten regularly in my home, as a dressing for both hot and cold dishes. In fact, I vividly remember a neighbour's daughter commenting that she wished she were Jewish so she too could always have sour cream.

Now I realize that what I had considered to be a Jewish delicacy was in fact Eastern European, and that many Jews would never dream of eating sour cream. For them, and for the non-Jews in the countries from which they hail, yoghurt is the universal food.

We in Israel are perhaps spoiled in that we have both available, each with its treasure of accompanying recipes. And to make life a little more interesting, we also have liquid yoghurt for drinking. This latter product, while lacking a little of the fresh tang of Turkish ayran, is none the less quite good. It is especially suited for a cold cucumber and yoghurt soup known as cacik (pronounced djadjik) in Turkey and tarator in the Balkan countries.

THOSE ACQUAINTED with the cuisine of those lands will, of course, immediately point out that the soup is simply a more liquid version of the salad that goes under the same name. True, but it does nothing to detract from either dish.

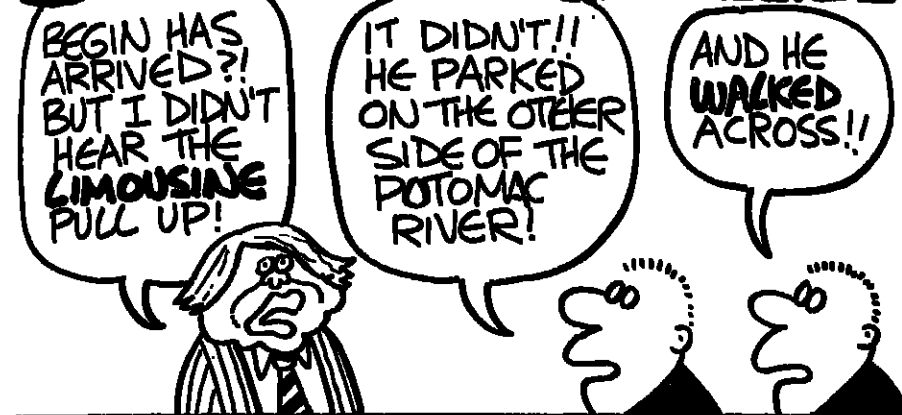
To make a cacik soup for about four people, simply peel and finely chop four or five small cucumbers or two or three large ones. If you have been thrifty and have bought the larger, cheaper vegetables, you may want to discard the seeds.

Next, chop two or three cloves of garlic with half a litre of liquid yoghurt, or about half that amount of regular yoghurt diluted with an equal amount of water. Season with pepper and a few chopped leaves of fresh mint. Chill and serve in small dishes.

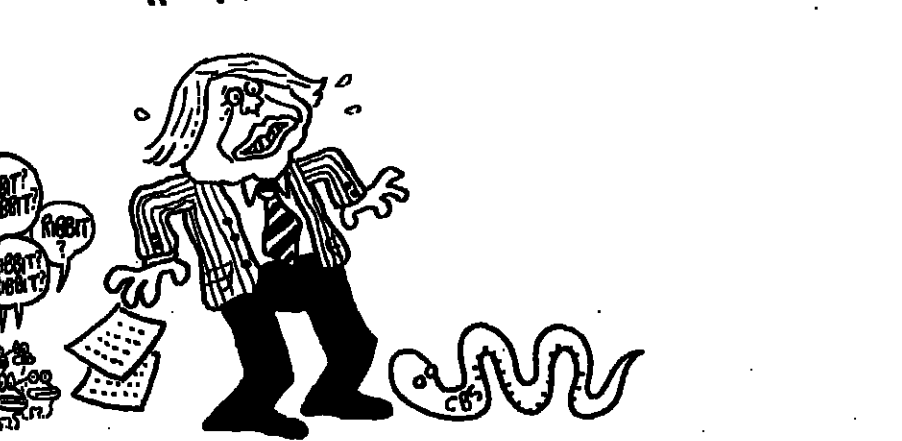
There are those who add coriander leaves or cumin to the soup, feeling that these give a more authentic Mediterranean flavour to the dish. Personally, I feel that they only interfere with the delicate balance of texture and taste. □

The Weekend Dry Bones

LITTLE JIMMY



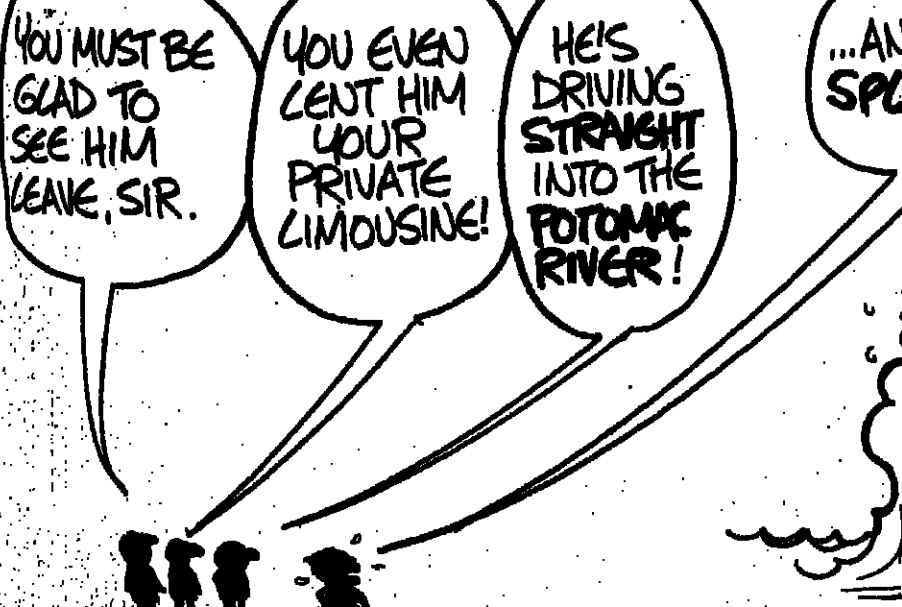
THE MICROPHONE TURNED INTO A SNAKE



WENE WENE TEKEL UPARSIN



YOU MUST BE GLAD TO SEE HIM LEAVE, SIR.



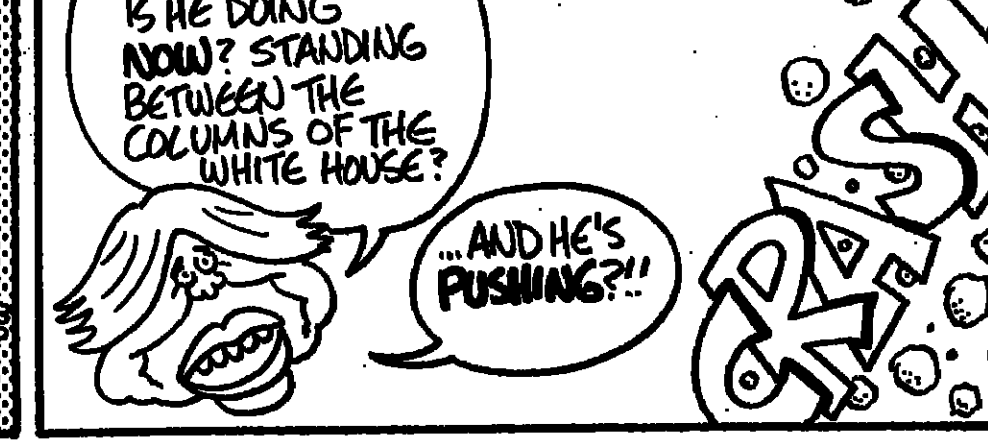
BIBLELAND



WHERE'D EVERY BODY GO?!!



WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING NOW? STANDING BETWEEN THE COLUMNS OF THE WHITE HOUSE?



GOLLY, ANOTHER NIGHTMARE. HOW MANY DAYS TIL HE GETS HERE FOR REAL? I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!



LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND. WITH APPOLOGIES TO WINNIE MCCAY'S 1927 Kinkadee

הכזא מן האל